WEEK ENDING MAY 29, 1926

5c

# Liberty

*A We... Family*

*"Give Me that Hatchet, Dear"*

Leslie Thrasher

*In this Issue*

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**181-81 Centre St., New York City**

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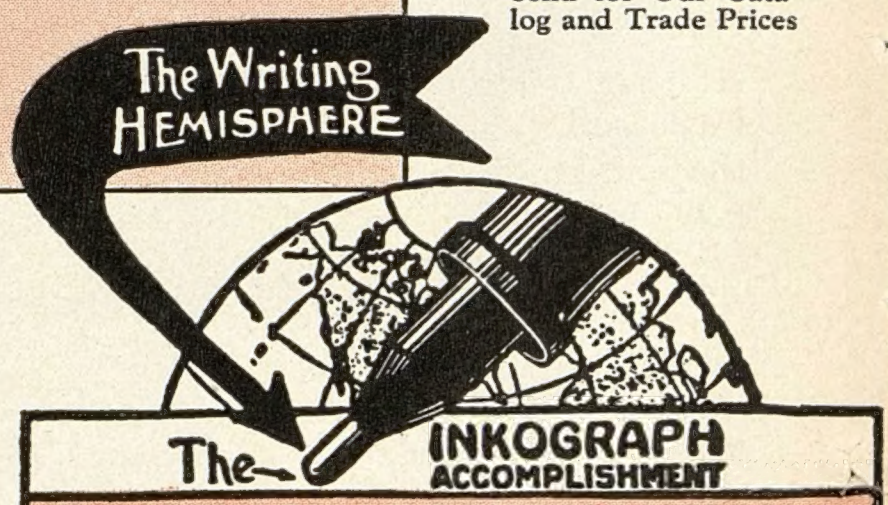


**That 14kt solid gold ball like point which is hard, round and smooth, glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes it possible to write in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.**

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# Can you name any antiseptic but Zonite—

## *any other antiseptic that is powerful, non-poisonous, quick-acting?*

There are plenty of powerful antiseptics which are deadly poisons. Zonite is non-poisonous. There are plenty of non-poisonous antiseptics which are weak and ineffective. Zonite is extremely powerful. Some antiseptics are slow to act. Zonite acts immediately.

Summing up these facts, there is ample evidence that as an antiseptic, Zonite is in a class by itself.

Additional information about antiseptics and germs is set down here in question-and-answer form. You may find it interesting. If so, send for one of the booklets and get the whole story.

◆ ◆ ◆

*Q: Some "antiseptics" seem to be mild, pleasant lotions. Others are powerful, caustic poisons. Is this correct? Can they possibly both be antiseptics?*

*A:* Yes. Both can be antiseptics. But the sweet-tasting, bubbling lotion or mouthwash is *not a germicide.* It may check germ growth—hold it back for a while. But the true germicide, as the name implies, actually kills germs—kills them outright.

*Q: I have understood the mouth to be a great breeding place for germs. But how can you use a strong germicide in the mouth?*

*A:* You can't. At least you can't use the well-known, old-fashioned germicides for the mouth and throat. Bichloride of mercury, iodine and compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid)—all these carry the "skull-and-cross-bones." They are deadly poisons.

*Q: If the mild antiseptics are useless, what is to be done when it comes to oral hygiene? Is there no powerful germicide that is harmless to human beings?*

*A:* Yes, and that particular germicide-antiseptic is the subject of this advertisement. Its name is Zonite. Zonite is safe. It is non-poisonous and non-caustic. It can be left in the hands of a child; it cannot injure even the most delicate tissues. Zonite comes in bottles. It is used in hospitals—recommended by doctors and dentists. It can be bought at every drugstore.

*Q: Do you mean to say that Zonite compares in strength with the caustic, burning antiseptics?*

*A:* We mean to say that Zonite is actually far *more* powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can safely be used on the human body.

*Q: But you recommend Zonite for a great many purposes. Can it possibly cover so much ground?*

*A:* It seems at first glance too good to be true that a single preparation can serve so many different purposes. But when you think a moment you realize how many different kinds of germs there are. Blood poisoning is a germ disease. Diphtheria is a germ disease. Dandruff is a germ disease. Even body odors are caused by germs. So actually Zonite does only one thing. It kills germs. Zonite is a deodorant and a mouthwash. A spray for nose and throat. An antiseptic for the enema. It is used for wounds and insect bites. Women rely on it for personal hygiene.

*Q: Does the germicidal action of Zonite begin at once? Is it rapid?*

*A:* The bactericidal activities of Zonite begin almost immediately. It kills germs at once. And if a continued action is needed as in burns or sunburn, there is Zonite Ointment for the purpose—in vanishing cream form.

* * * *

Zonite is a safe, sure, *quick* antiseptic. Send coupon for one or all of our booklets describing its many uses.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

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Women's Division
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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- ☐ *Nursery and the Baby* V-14
- ☐ *Feminine Hygiene*

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(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

Address.....

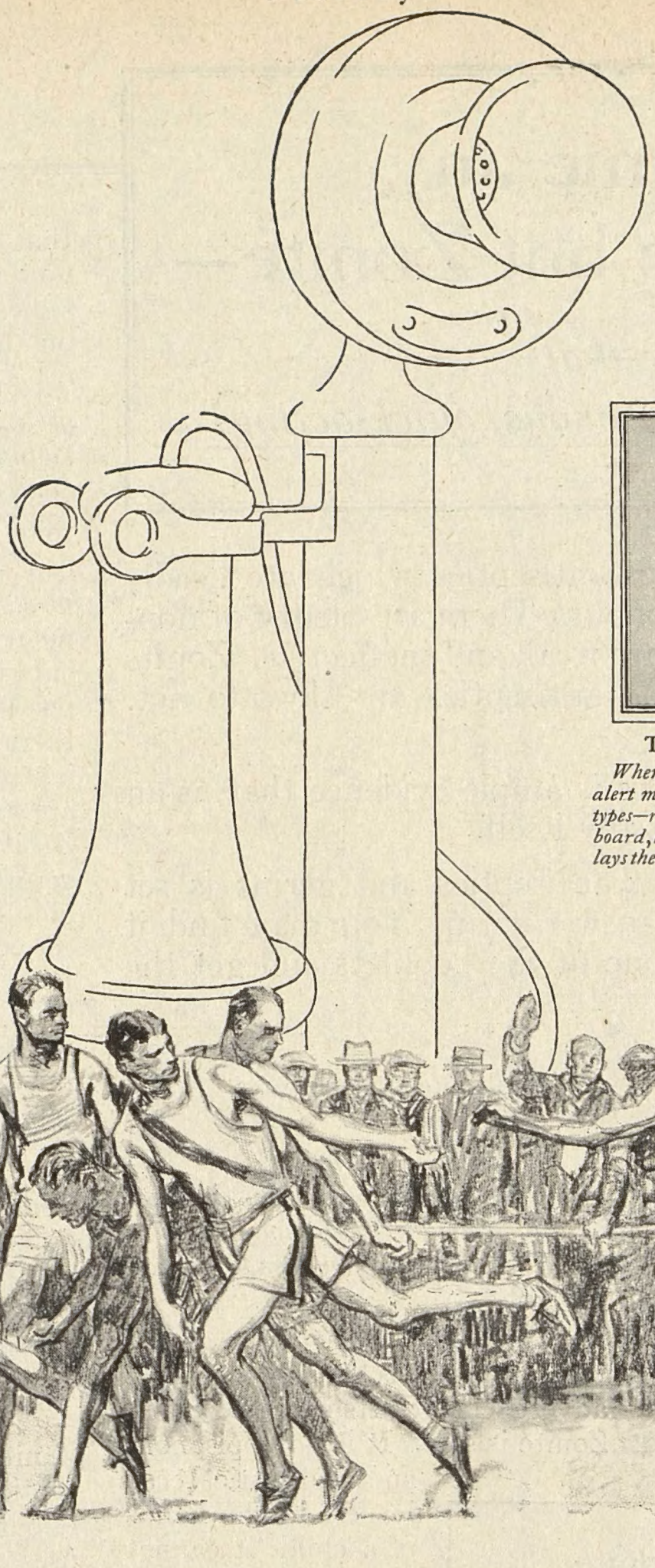
City.....State.....

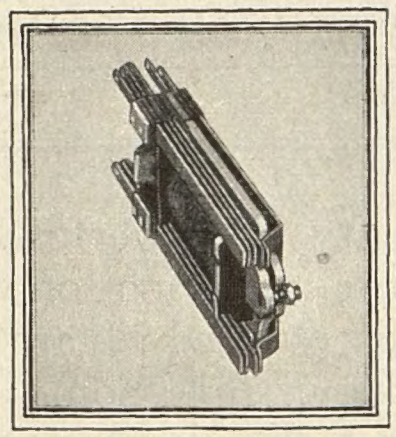
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

## Zonite $1000 Prize to George Damon—Hero of Heroes

◆

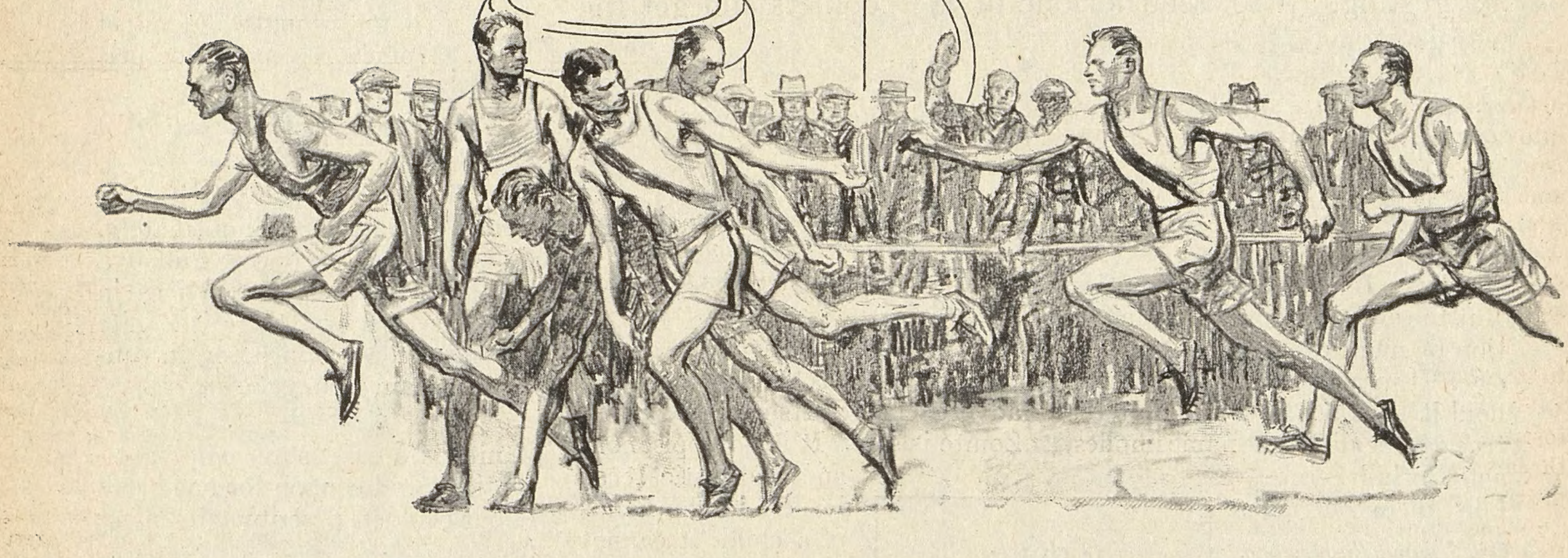
Liberty readers have selected the 12-year-old blind boy of Humarock as the "hero of heroes." This contest was opened to the public in Liberty Magazine, Oct. 31, 1925, and in the final count by Liberty judges, George Damon's name led all the rest. The Zonite Products Company is proud to bestow the prize as awarded, upon the youthful hero.





**The Telephone Relay**

*When you lift the receiver this alert mechanism—one of over 3000 types—relays your signal to the switchboard, lighting a tiny lamp. Other relays then operate to complete your call.*



# *Relay runners in your telephone circuit*

The relay runner, carrying on from man to man, finds his counterpart in the telephone relay. Every time you lift your receiver off the hook you set in motion a relay system which, if less thrilling than a race, is infinitely faster and surer to come through.

The telephone relay is the heart of a vast unseen plant which you are apt to take for granted. Like every other part it must be skillfully built—and the whole carefully fitted together.

Western Electric has one hundred per cent responsibility for manufacturing the equipment for the Bell System. It is our business to make everything from relay to switchboard, from telephones to cable, and to make these to the uniform standard—"It must not fail."

*Back of your telephone*

# Western Electric

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MAY 29, 1926

# Liberty

*A Weekly for the Whole Family*

VOL. 3 No. 4

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG—*An Editorial*

Whenever Stephen Decatur's famous toast to Our Country is quoted, some internationalists, pacifists, idealists, ladies and gentlemen of various shades of pink and yellow, and some plain cowards, who think more of their own skins than they do of honor, rise in horror. They charge that the old commodore and all who echo his brave words are inciting war and preaching an immoral doctrine. Liberty has been guilty of quoting Decatur and of believing in the sentiment he voiced.

The celebrated rejoinder made to the Decatur toast and to the sentiment behind it by pacifists and internationalists is as follows: This toast is crass and base and immoral. It is exactly as if you were to say this:

"My mother! May she always be sober; but drunk or sober, my mother!"

Mother countries are a little drunk when they go to war. Germany was on a big spree, and waked up with a bad headache. France and England were half drunk with power and pride and patriotism. When America's turn came she was intoxicated with a cocktail of indignation, patriotism, idealism, and a dash of fear. All the rest of the world was drunk and brawling. When we found Mother in among the drunks who were jostling her, or laughing at her, or threatening her, we did not wait to find out whether she was right or wrong. She was Mother. So, in the Argonne, on the Meuse, at Chateau Thierry, her sons waded in and cleaned out the joint.

The boys in the A. E. F. did not stop to theorize, to analyze, to argue whether the United States was right or wrong. They knew that the ideals they cherished, the freedom they loved, the institutions they and their forefathers had built up, were threatened. They knew that Germany was against them. They pitched in and eliminated the peril before stopping to analyze.

That done, they felt at liberty to explain to Mother Country that, had she been wiser and had more forethought, it all might have been averted. But, so long as she was in danger, they were for her.

And the next time war comes, may our young men do the same.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

Cold reason knows no geographical boundaries. But emotions of the patriotic kind are inevitably affected by national frontiers, State lines, and city limits. No sane man, for instance, would urge that the solid Democratic South is a proof that all the political sagacity of the nation resides below Mason's and Dixon's line. A meeting between a Florida booster and a California native son will always bring forth more flow of soul than feast of reason.

When New York develops a Whittemore Mob, the Chicagoan reads his paper with a feeling of virtuous superiority. A little later Chicago stages a McSwiggin killing and the New York papers report it with holy horror.

These are all family affairs and family feelings. And we wouldn't change them, even if we could.

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## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

### *Fannie Hurst on Health*

FANNIE HURST has written an article which all who want to keep fit should read. This gifted author's capacity for work amazes those who know her and keep abreast of her short stories, articles, novels, and movie scenarios. Despite the strain of so much creative effort, she is fitter today, and able to do more work, than ever before. In this article, for the first time, she tells the secret of her enormous vitality. The dangers of a desk-bound, city-bound life, and how she guards against them; which foods she eats and which she avoids; the exercises she takes and when she takes them—all this she tells in a way that enables you to apply her rules to your own health problems. Don't miss this valuable article.

MARY HEATON VORSE, writer of stories that are absorbing, intensely human, and "different," has surpassed herself in her latest: A MAN TRAP FOR GAWKY. It's a tale of a tall, shy football hero who hates all girls over sixteen—and of the girl who teaches him that even "young ladies" can be lovable!

P. G. WODEHOUSE, whose stories in Liberty have made us a gayer nation, contributes a hilarious tale of an amiable but woolen-headed peer, a scenario, and a scrambled romance. The toothsomeness, to a lap-dog, of a great lord's ankles, and the tragedy that can lurk in a beard, make this one of "P. G's" rarest and richest. LORD EMSWORTH ACTS FOR THE BEST is the title.

SO YOU'RE GOING ABROAD, by Clara E. Laughlin, is an article telling those about to cross the ocean what to do and what not to do.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN MY PLACE? is an interview with Lillian Leitzel, the circus queen who longs to be a typist. BASIL QUEED is the author.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND continues his analysis of America's most vicious criminals, in THE WHITTEMORE MOB.

May 29, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 4

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PART *of the toilet of the fastidious woman! "Lysol" in its preservation of feminine daintiness belongs on the bathroom shelf beside toilet water and talcum. Send coupon for "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty," which describes this important quality of "Lysol."*

# The ROMANCE that lingers after marriage

A STURDY cable, yet frailer than a butterfly's wing—the romance that lingers after marriage. Women who know, say that it hinges on little things, on gaiety, gentleness, and a certain vitality, the vitality that comes with knowing how to take care of one's self.

Wives of today keep their long youth and vigorous health by a correct regime of living: proper diet, sleeping, exercise, and a state of *scientific bodily cleanliness*. Nervousness, fatigue and weakness quickly result in loss of tone in a woman. Physicians say that health and youth are protected and prolonged by the regular practice of feminine hygiene.

The antiseptic which physicians advocate for feminine hygiene is "Lysol" Disinfectant, the *standard* antiseptic in hospitals and with physicians everywhere. It is called "the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene" because it is soothing and lubricating, its effect protective and comforting. It leaves you with a tonic feeling of general well-being.

"Lysol" is three times stronger than powerful carbolic acid, yet so carefully is it blended that in proper proportion it cannot irritate or harm the most sensitive tissues. You can trust every drop of it; absolutely *sure*, it provides perfect protection against infection, while its gentle deodorant qualities are a safeguard of feminine daintiness.

***Let us send you this free booklet on the important subject of feminine hygiene***

IF YOU want to know more about the important problems of feminine hygiene, send the coupon below for a free set of the "Lysol" Health Library. One volume, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty," contains a frank discussion on this subject of the preservation of youth.

Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. All drug-stores sell it. Complete directions for its use come in every bottle. Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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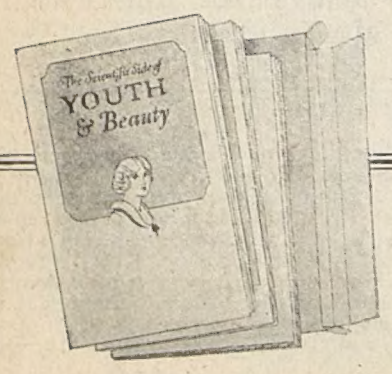


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*Left to right: Simon Gilden, William G. Unkelbach, Leon Kramer, Richard Reese Whittemore, Jacob Kramer, Milton Goldberg.*

# The Whittemore MOB

An Article by
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

## *An Analysis of America's Most Vicious Criminal*

*Pictures by* KENNETH CAMP

PART ONE

THIS is the story of the most extraordinary gang of bandits that ever operated in the United States. It is the story of Richard Reese Whittemore and his half-dozen accomplices in a series of jewelry store robberies staged in New York City, Buffalo, and Baltimore within a span of ten months in 1925.

The effort is to give publicity to these hold-ups, with all their strange aspects, connotations, and effects, because in these days of manifold crime, the tendency is to regard it as commonplace, and to overlook much of its significance.

Sixty years ago, the James boys, operating in a small sector west of the Mississippi River, committed depredations which impressed their personality on the nation's memory for all time. Yet Jesse James and his robbing crew would have stood aghast at the temerity, versatility, and mercilessness of the Whittemore gang. It is not improbable that Whittemore would have counseled James, "Go and get a reputation!" had the latter attempted, upon the strength of his record, to join the band of diamond thieves led by the twenty-four-year-old killer.

All of the Whittemore mob are now in the hands of the law, some facing death in the electric chair or on the gallows, others certain of long terms in prison.

Let us consider the problem that such a criminal organization presents to society. Let us consider also its background and its probable aftermath. Young Dick Whittemore is the dominant figure in the story. His accomplices are colorful and dangerous enough, but they are subordinated by his personality.

IT is a favorite device of criminologists to blame the moral lapses of the young on either heredity or environment.

When Moses, the lawgiver, advanced the warning now embodied in Numbers XIV, 18th verse—"The Lord . . . visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"—he was thinking of personal hygiene and continence, since he realized the frightful penalty that promiscuous sin imposes on helpless babies.

But it is equally cruel and unfair to visit the iniquity of children upon their helpless parents and upon generations long dead. In Whittemore's case we have a grievous example of how bad boys can break the hearts of their fathers and mothers and cast a shadow upon the repute that fine character has won for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WHITTEMORE MOB
Continued from Page Seven]

ancestors now defenseless in their graves.

What is the name Whittemore to mean in the memories of those who followed the recent disclosures of Richard's astounding crimes in the East—crimes that overshadowed those of Jesse James in boldness, in resourcefulness, and in sums involved? Will it inspire respect for the five useful generations of Americans who were distinct assets to their communities—or will the young outlaw's name completely obliterate those decent forebears and hereafter simply identify a thieving, murderous rat?

In 1840 there went to Baltimore from Massachusetts one John Whittemore and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of a Bay State family. John's grandfather had come from England; and his father was first of the name born in the United States, as far as this branch is concerned. Nothing else is known about John's sire, except that he was the first of five native-born generations whose name Dick was to trample into the mire.

John Whittemore settled in a small shack on the northwest limits of Baltimore. He drove a truck. He fathered four sons and two daughters. The destinies of five of them are unimportant save for the fact that they were honest, hard-working folk.

One of the boys was George Whittemore, born about 1843. He too became a teamster, also taking a hand in minor politics. He was a tax collector for eight years; and about 1868 he married Hannah Hoffman.

As a little girl, Hannah Hoffman had lived with a well-to-do banker, affectionately known to all Baltimore as old Uncle Hoffman. She was the first superintendent of the Colored Girls' House of Refuge, a woman of splendid character. George died and was buried in the Whittemore plot in the old Western Cemetery. Hannah was buried not long after in the Hoffman mausoleum in Lowden Park Graveyard.

They had had three sons—one of whom died—and a daughter. The memory of each is unsullied.

ONE of the sons was Rawlings Vincennes Whittemore, born about 1874. The middle name comes from a French strain in the Hoffman branch, the Vincennes having founded the town of that name in Indiana. Incidentally, there are streets in Baltimore bearing tribute to the Whittemores—Lorman Avenue and Whittemore Avenue—and thoroughfares are not named after duds.

Rawlings, originally a butcher, became a mechanic. Today he is a stationary engineer and employed by the Calvert Machine Company, at Caroline Avenue and Thames Street.

In 1900 Rawlings married Edna Grady, of a fine old local family. Her uncle, Dr. Richard Grady, was dentist for eighteen years at the United States Naval Academy. Ed Grady, another uncle, started the first manual training school in Baltimore, now the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute. Bernie Grady, Edna's father, was a teacher in the House of Refuge for Boys on the old Frederick Road, now the Maryland School for Boys—the State reformatory—on Lockraven Road. He was a musician and organized Baltimore's first Boys' Band.

R. V. Whittemore and Edna, his wife, became the parents of Richard Reese, the notorious outlaw. They were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and carried out the Protestant tradition of all the Whittemores. Edna sang alto in the church choir and taught Sunday school; and to this hour her name invokes only respect in Baltimore.

Edna died in 1918 of tuberculosis—a broken heart, some said, as the result of her son's misbehavior. There were three children. Meta, born in 1901 on Lorman Street near Fulton Avenue, is a fine girl. She married the son of a State Senator in a New England commonwealth.

Dick was born in 1902 in a small house in Hampden, a village since incorporated in Baltimore.

*Mrs. Edna G. Whittemore, mother of Dick, with her baby daughter, now married.*

A boy they named Rawlings was born in 1903. He spent some time at St. Mary's Industrial School, the institution once graced by Babe Ruth. Today Rawlings is married, a bricklayer, and his father says he is well behaved.

Dick Whittemore lost no time in displaying the wholly unexpected criminal tendencies he was later to exhibit in such sinister measure. When he could crawl around a neighbor's house he stole the children's toys. At his mother's Sunday school he stole hymn books. From fruit stands he stole the hucksters' wares. At church bazaars he stole spoons and napkins. He stole everything he could lift and tote away.

*Dick Whittemore at the age of two.*

When he learned to talk he became an incorrigible liar. He beat smaller boys and little girls and stole whatever they had. He filled his mother's basement with his trifling loot. He doesn't seem to have had a redeeming characteristic.

Early in April I asked his father how he could account for this intensely black sheep in a long line of white flocks.

A fine man, R. V. Whittemore's hearth is a broken and desolate thing. He lives in the wreck of a once happy household on North Monroe Street. He is straight and strong; his black hair is streaked like a badger's; his right index finger is cut in half—some incident of his experience around cogwheels. He chews his bristling black mustache, and his hands, their crevices stained with the oil and grime of an engineer's tasks, twist helplessly as he talks about his son's plight.

THE home is a tiny red-brick house sardined between its neighbors. The floors creak; the furniture is falling to pieces; the walls are cracked and scaling. Under a spluttering gas flame in the dining-room where the elder Whittemore broods alone these nights, his daughter and sons gone forever from the motherless dwelling, he sat, that night in April, his face in his hands, and cursed the poverty that prevented him from helping the boy in his fight for his wayward life before a jury.

"When Reese was two years old," the sire related, "we still lived in Hampden. Our front window was large, its outside screen held by two nails. One morning my wife heard the boy scream. She found the screen had come loose and that Reese had climbed to the sill and fallen to the pavement—about a four-foot drop.

"He was unconscious when she reached him, and we found a large bruise on the top of his head. From then on, for several years, he had spasms and was irritable and bad. I don't know whether that had anything to do with his misconduct in later years."

International Photo

*R. V. Whittemore, the bandit's father.*

In the grade schools Dick reluctantly attended he seemed to learn just one thing: how to steal—skates, tops, slates, marbles, chalk, books, anything. It got so that when things in the district were missing the police would come to the Whittemore home.

The neighbors would say, as the bluecoat mounted the steps: "Well, I see Dick Whittemore has stolen something again."

If his mother found the pilfered articles she would return them with an apologetic sob. If Dick had eaten the fruit or sardines, or successfully concealed whatever else it was he had taken, she would pay for them.

In 1909, when Dick was just seven years old, he was arrested and fined two dollars as a disorderly person! As he grew older he became more sullen, silent, and vicious, fighting other kids, and hurling half-bricks through the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT]

windows of neighbors and teachers and shopkeepers he disliked.

His mother possibly was too lenient. His father probably spared the rod. The boy's infamy grew. He was a tough little rat. In 1916, when he was fourteen, he was sentenced to a year in the Maryland School for Boys. In 1917 he transferred his activities from the Fearsville district, as the North Monroe sector was called, to the Bad Lands of Baltimore, that short and evil stretch of four blocks along East Baltimore Street—High and Holliday and Front and Gay.

That was one of the toughest spots on the Atlantic seaboard. There flourished such vile cabarets and honk-a-tonks as the Argonne Cafe, the Gayety Rathskeller, the Folly Cabaret, and the place now known as Kaplan's Hotel. At that time the hotel was owned by "Chicago Tommy" Langrella, a whisky runner. The Chicagoan's sudden demise will be related in due time.

There were many other choice nooks in this devil's playground along these four blocks—the hangouts of cheap, cheating gamblers, of women whose name is Legion, of fences, gangsters, pickpockets, dope addicts, and other criminals.

The glaring lights, the blaring jazz bands, the searing booze, the division of swag—these things filled young Dick's heart with joy. He leaped into the underworld with a squeal of delight, joining the gangsters in their battles with policemen, learning to cheat at cards, and in other ways perfecting his education in the devious methods he was later to make so spectacular.

AND there it was he met most of the youths he was to lead into the handcuffs of retribution. He was a quiet, soft-spoken chap, as deceptively dangerous as a mottled moccasin, a sheik sneak-thief; a natural leader because of his recklessness and lupine disregard for anything and everything except his own savage and selfish desires.

Before this catalogue of crime reaches those chapters narrating the better known activities of Dick Whittemore, it would be well to sketch the character of his pals, who figured so notoriously with him later.

There was Milton (Shuffles) Goldberg. Born in May, 1903, on Forest Avenue, he was the son of Sol Goldberg, a butcher, who came from Russia in 1891 at the age of thirty. A hard-working man, a good citizen, he is a broken thing today. He bowed his head on his butcher's block and sobbed as he talked about his worthless boy.

Sol's wife, aged thirty-six, died in 1918 as Mrs. Whittemore had died—with a woe-laden heart. Shuffles, so labeled because of his dragging feet, has a sister named Kate. She is twenty-seven, and is married to an upholsterer. A sister, Bertha, is fourteen. They live in small rooms behind the tiny butcher shop.

Shuffles reached the seventh grade in school and quit. Although he got a job as messenger boy with Frank & Adler, shoe dealers on West Baltimore Street, he drifted into the Bad Lands. In 1919 he was arrested for stealing twenty-five pairs of shoes and pawning them. His father paid the bill. He was a hard egg, was Shuffles, and today the long-bearded men and shawl-covered women of the Ghetto shake their heads and press Sol's trembling hand and murmur words in Yiddish.

While Shuffles was often arrested in hold-ups and similar misdeeds, his chief notoriety at home involves the disbarment of Harry B. Wolf, one of Baltimore's young criminal lawyers. The story was told to me by Harry R. O'Conor, the brilliant State's Attorney who, when he was elected in 1923, was just twenty-six years old, the youngest prosecutor in America.

In 1922 Walter B. Norris, wealthy head of a construction firm, was shot dead and robbed of a seven thousand dollar payroll. Walter Sokolow, then nineteen, Jack Hart, and a man who later turned informer for the reward, were sought.

Sokolow and Hart fled to the old Hebrew Cemetery and lived for two weeks in an abandoned mausoleum. With them was a boy named Keller, later known as the Tipster Kid. They sent him out for food, water, tobacco, and newspapers. Shuffles Goldberg heard where they were, and he took them to an old tavern and kept them apprised of the movements of the police.

These movements, according to Mr. O'Conor, he learned about from Attorney Wolf. Wolf, a poor Jewish boy from Russia, had studied law at night until he was qualified to practice. He was a friend of the police, helping them when their families were ill, lending them money, and otherwise ingratiating himself, so that he was always tipped off to a contemplated raid. Often he was at the station with writs and bail before the police came back. He

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*WHEN Dick Whittemore was two years old, his father says, he fell out of a window and hurt his head. From then on, for several years, he was irritable and bad.*

[THE WHITTEMORE MOB Continued from Page Nine]

was always good for a story for the newspapermen. Everybody liked Wolf.

One night Sokolow and Hart and the Tipster Kid sneaked to Wolf's home. He fed them, and hid them in a closet when a police lieutenant dropped in to talk over another case. Then he told the fugitives to get out of town, as no lawyer could possibly save them.

The next day he called in a detective. Whereupon, the Tipster Kid, carefully coached, told of coming upon three men in the woods near town and hearing them quarrel as they divided the seven thousand dollar payroll. He identified the rogues' gallery picture of one man as the ringleader—and the picture was that of the original bandit who had turned stool pigeon! When photographs of Sokolow and Hart were shown to him, he swore they were not the other two men.

Under pressure, the Tipster Kid broke down a day or so later and confessed that Wolf had fixed up the whole thing. The lawyer was promptly disbarred. Sokolow and Hart were caught and sent up for life. Hart escaped and was recaptured in Chicago.

Another gangster who followed Whittemore was William G. Unkelbach, called Baltimore Willie. He was born in 1903, soon becoming a dip and purse-snatcher, and acquiring the morphine habit. Between 1919 and 1924 his record shows twenty-two charges, mostly minor affairs, but denoting a criminality that was irremediable.

ON June 24, 1920, Unkelbach stole a suitcase he found on the curb. It contained a candy salesman's samples. For this he was placed on probation for a year. On September 17, 1920, he was sent to the House of Correction for six months as an idle, disorderly person. In May, 1921, Baltimore Willie took a trip West, staying eighteen months in the Iowa State Reformatory, where the Federal men shipped him because he was using morphine and peddling it.

In spite of the pleadings of his mother, now prostrated by grief, the boy went his sinful way. On June 3, 1925, at Altoona, Pennsylvania, he married Elda Condon of Woodbine, a small town thirty miles from Baltimore. By that time he was taking part in the bigger crimes of the Whittemore gang. His part therein will be told later.

Simon Gilden, born in Russia in 1905, was another member of the group. Max Gilden, his father, brought him to America as an infant, and opened a grocery on Whitelock Street, Baltimore. Simon's criminal career began early, and he was arrested many times. His most spectacular contribution to Baltimore's crime record came on March 16, 1925, when a gang held up J. Wahl Holtzman, collector for the American Banking Company, a branch of the Equitable Trust Company. The holdup was staged at noon in the middle of one of the principal streets, the robbers escaping with $8,792 in cash and two suitcases filled with securities.

Defended by Harry W. Nice, a former State's Attorney, Gilden was acquitted when a policeman gave him an alibi, and when Nice read a letter from Whittemore exonerating Gilden and saying he himself led the gang. Later it was shown in the New York City confessions that Whittemore really did the job

Gilden's orbit touched Whittemore's in some but not all of the larger robberies. The rest of the time he was bootlegging. Gilden departed from this troubled sphere on December 22, 1925, when somebody shot him dead, propped his body against the Rector Street fence of Trinity Church in New York City, and drove his red-smeared roadster a few blocks away and abandoned it. Gilden had been seen with Whittemore in several of the Broadway night clubs a night or two before he was slain.

Deeming himself a poor risk, Gilden had his life insured by a Baltimore company for twenty-five hundred dollars. But he used an assumed name, and although his wife went to New York City and identified the body under both names, the insurance company contested the claim. Gilden's wife was a Jewish

International Photo

*Dick Whittemore and his wife in the anteroom of the New York district attorney.*

girl named Ida Landsman, daughter of a junk dealer at Chester and Pratt streets. She is living alone today in Baltimore.

Another gangster Whittemore enlisted was Charles M. Gross, thirty years old. Discharged from the Baltimore police force after a year's trial, he was in the Holtzman stickup, according to the indictment, and figured later in the mob's New York City activities. He has been shot several times, once being dumped on the steps of the accident ward of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

ANTHONY PALADINO of Mulberry Street, New York City, was another accomplice of Whittemore's. They met in Elmira Reformatory in 1919. Paladino was born near Naples in 1899, coming over as a child with his parents, Michael and Antonetta. Michael died, aged forty, in 1914; and Antonetta, the mother, who is fifty-two, today scrubs floors in downtown skyscrapers, working at night on her knees, trying to raise money to defend her son.

Paladino was arrested a number of times and put away. He was the boob of the gang—the strong-arm man, the sap who did what he was told, and who lost his share of the plunder to the others in crap games. He lived a hand-to-mouth existence. The senior Paladinos had seven children, all of them respectable except Tony, the stupid, heavy-muscled lookout for Whittemore.

There were two other charter members of the Whittemore gang, Jacob and Leon Kramer. Leon's Scotland Yard pedigree includes arrests in Berlin, Brussels, and London, and deportation to Petrograd from the latter capital as an undesirable. Jake was the guiding genius of the Whittemore gang, as will be seen.

The Kramers are Russian Jews, coming to America early in 1915. On September 24, 1915, the safe of the Steman & Norwig jewelry store at 318 North Howard Street, Baltimore, was ripped open and robbed of twelve thousand dollars in cash and gems. The way the box had been opened startled the police. Somebody had chopped a hole through the ceiling and dropped in from a lawyer's office on the second floor. A hole had been drilled in the back of the safe near a lower corner, a can-opener inserted, and the back of the iron box ripped out!

THAT'S precisely what it was—a can-opener, in principle and effect. Word from Brussels put the Baltimore police on the trail of the Kramers, who had traveled under numerous aliases on the Continent. They were found in Detroit, taken back to Baltimore, and sentenced to ten years, on November 28, 1916. They admitted they had used the can-opener.

It came out at the trial that while one brother talked to a jeweler the other paced the distance from the front door to the safe as he strolled along the show cases. Then they went up to see the lawyer, and one of them paced the same distance along the bookcases, as he moved nervously to and fro, pretending to be greatly worried over the imaginary lawsuit his brother was talking about.

To force the lock and cut through the floor during the night was a simple job. They got back into the lawyer's office by a rope ladder they left hanging above the safe.

The wealth of experience and resource indicated by the Kramers in this job has considerable bearing upon the success of the Whittemore mob, of which they were to become mentors. They added old-world cunning to the daring of the youthful American bandits, prepared each step for a holdup with deliberation, and taught them the trick of preparing alibis in advance against the always present menace of arrest.

Whittemore's wife was Margaret Meshler of Baltimore, born of fine German-American parents in 1903. She is slender, blonde, blue-eyed, and rather pretty. Her mother, a widow, lives on South Gilmore Street, and three brothers are splendid boys, working in bakeries.

Although reared a Roman Catholic, Margaret married Dick Whittemore in 1918 in the Methodist Church at Baker and Monroe streets. Whittemore later adopted his wife's faith, according to his statement to the New York City police.

Margaret, as far as is known, was a good girl, who met Whittemore because she liked lively companions and sometimes went to the cabarets. Although she appears to have embraced his manner of living, the police have been unable to prove that she was involved in Whittemore's serious crimes.

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*How young Margaret Whittemore, wife of the bandit, came to be known as the "Tiger Girl of Baltimore" will be told in next week's issue of Liberty, when some of the more daring and picturesque crimes of the Whittemore mob also will be unfolded.*

# Oswald

## *The Tragedy of a Poor Fish*

A Short Story by

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

*Pictures by*
T. K. HANNA

*Miss Prime caught him then in a tea-strainer, and gave him a little coffee sweetened with sugar.*

Somewhere beyond space and time
Is wetter water, slimier slime!

OSWALD needed greens—or something. Miss Prime didn't know which, or what. She tried greens. And as there were none to be had in Lighthouse Grove, she made the long trip to Monterey and obtained some in one of the Japanese stores. When she went to Oswald's bowl to give him the greens—he simply wasn't in the bowl. There was nothing in the bowl but water and an arrangement of colored pebbles which suggested Bluebeard's castle on a small scale. It had windows and arches through which Oswald could swim. It cast a shadow in which he could lurk.

But Oswald wasn't in the bowl.

He was on the floor, and it was fortunate that Miss Prime had not stepped on him. When she discovered him, his mouth open and a silly expression on his face, he was pretty well dried, and the splendors of his gold-and-silver being were thereby diminished. He made a quick trip from the floor to the bowl. The trip was distinguished by celerity, a love which passed all understanding, and a cry of anguish. Oswald at once proved that he was not dead. He muzzled the greens and he swam. He swam into his little castle through a window and out through a door. But at first he swam a little groggily and not exactly right side up.

Among other things, Miss Prime had inherited from her father, the Rev. Mr. Prime, a reading-glass. Through this she studied Oswald, now restored to his element, for one hour and a quarter. The hands of a Swiss clock (a wooden landscape with chamois) marked every minute of the inspection. And she concluded that, in spite of the flop from the bowl to the floor and his manual restoration to the bowl, he had not suffered an injury of any kind, and was not diminished by the loss of a single scale. He looked, indeed, as proud and selfish and perfect as ever.

She had called her fish Oswald, because when she was a little girl a little boy of that name had been kind to her. But she was never sure that Oswald was just the right name for Oswald. He might have been a lady rather than a gentleman fish. She never really knew. Nobody ever knew. There was either something about him, or else there wasn't, that made it extremely difficult to determine. But at least his haughtiness, selfishness, and vulgar display of gold and silver were masculine.

There was only one thing about Oswald that really troubled Miss Prime. And this thing was only a thought. She often regretted that

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[OSWALD
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her late father, the Rev. Mr. Prime, had never had an opportunity to get acquainted with him. She liked to imagine the stately if glowing terms in which the Rev. Mr. Prime might have described the glories of Oswald's coloring and the superb wavings of his fins and tail. The Rev. Mr. Prime would even have known exactly why God had made Oswald, and it would have been interesting to know.

But it was too late now. Death is death. The Rev. Mr. Prime, who had always known exactly what God would or would not think or do on a given occasion or in an especial emergency, and exactly why he had or had not made this or that, was now refreshing his intimacy at its source.

IT was even supposed by some of the more devout brethren in Lighthouse Grove that the demise of the Rev. Mr. Prime was a fortunate thing for God. They felt that now, at last, God had in His immediate entourage someone really reliable and infallible to lean on. And it wouldn't do God a bit of harm, either, to know exactly how Lighthouse Grove felt about everything. The Grove trusted God, but it couldn't help thinking that He was a little slow about some things. Were there not still hordes of people who actually seemed to enjoy being alive? And wasn't that too bad? Wasn't that an oversight on His part?

Three days later Miss Prime returned from a sewing circle to find that Oswald had again leaped from his bowl to the floor. And this time he was a sick fish. He was far gone. He seemed to be dying. If he had had a soul, one might imagine that in a few minutes he would go to join God and the Rev. Mr. Prime.

Miss Prime returned Oswald to the bowl. And he was helped by the water, and swam. But he swam very feebly and unintelligently, and upside down.

Miss Prime was no fool about her fish. She had seen him through a number of disorders. Once, in a really desperate emergency, she had given him castor oil with an eye dropper. But this was different. This was not the failure of some process natural to Oswald. He was suffering now from injuries resulting from an external force, coupled with exposure to an element that has been universally found to be bad for fish.

In leaping, salmon-like, from the bowl, it was possible that Oswald had landed on his head. It was possible that he had fractured his skull. More likely he had received a concussion of the brain. He had, indeed, when she first found him, appeared to be unconscious. But, as she studied him with loving concern through the reading-glass, she concluded that he was not suffering in particular from a disturbance to that great center of nerves, the brain, but from a disarrangement of his entire nervous system in general.

Oswald, she concluded, was suffering from shock.

Miss Prime caught him then in a tea-strainer, and gave him a little coffee sweetened with sugar. But he made a face and spat it out. She put him back in his bowl, and wondered what she had better try next. Oswald seemed at once lethargic and jerky. If he swam at all, it was feebly and on his side.

She waggled her forefinger just above the surface of the bowl, and Oswald, perceiving this with his dark, goggling eyes, pulled himself together, as it were, and swam feebly upward until he had touched it with his nose.

To Miss Prime this action signified at once recognition and a plea for help. Her eyes filled with tears. Those nosings of Oswald's she always thought of as kisses. They were the only kisses she ever had from anyone or anything. Was she going to lose him? Had he just kissed her good-by?

She fled to the medicine closet in the bathroom. The little door stuck badly, and she had

*As fast as she could return him to the bowl he gathered his battered*

*forces and leaped. He battered himself with terrible earnestness.*

to pry it open with scissors. She had no theory as to which of the odds and ends of left-over remedies in the closet would be useful in this emergency, but the moment the door came open she knew.

Why, of course! That flat-sided bottle, half full of a brownish liquid, on the top shelf.

She had inherited it from the Rev. Mr. Prime. Together with the bottle that was half full, she had inherited nearly a hundred similar bottles that were empty. These she had buried side by side in her garden, the bottoms up to make a little pavement.

Always one of these bottles had stood in the medicine chest, its contents gradually diminishing. Her father had nearly always smelled rather fragrant after his visits to the medicine closet. He would have his dose of the brown liquid, and to hide the smell of that he would chew sweet flag. The combination to the nose was at once baffling and satisfying.

In her childhood Miss Prime had run across the phrase "an odor of sanctity," and ever since she could not wholly disassociate that phrase from the fragrant memories she had of her father.

It was not until after his death that she had learned what the bottle contained. A friend had smelled of it for her, and had exclaimed: "Why, Bathsheba Prime—it's whisky!"

This discovery probably had been a greater shock to Miss Prime than his recent fall had been to Oswald. But she managed to make excuses for her father. He had, she liked to think, suffered from some cruel nervous trouble whose existence he had shelteringly hidden from her.

And now she remembered what one of the Grove boys who fought in the great war had once said to her:

"Prohibition's O. K. maybe, Miss Prime, 'cept for just one thing. Suppose you're suffering from shock? What are they going to give you? For shock there's nothing like whisky, and I'll tell the world."

TO ascertain whether there had been even a modicum of truth in the Grove boy's outrageous and perhaps treasonable statement was a work of seconds. Once more the tea-strainer and the eye dropper were made to serve. Out of the bowl came Oswald, and into Oswald were shot three drops of the brown liquid mixed with three drops of water.

Oswald swallowed spasmodically, and shuddered from end to end. The shudder rippled deliciously under his gold-and-silver skin. Then he appeared to relax, and Miss Prime returned him to the bowl.

For a little time he remained in one place. Then twice, at a great rate and with a marvelously graceful and proud waving of his fins and tail, he swam the periphery of the bowl. Then he darted into his castle by the door and out by the window, and in and out. His dark eyes, now as brilliant as jewels, goggled superbly.

There was nothing the matter with Oswald. The soldier boy had spoken the truth. For shock there is nothing like whisky.

Whenever Miss Prime waggled her forefinger over the surface of the bowl, Oswald literally flew at it and enthusiastically, perhaps passionately, bumped it with his nose. He had never been so alive, so brilliant, so playful, so affectionate. She could have played with him all day; but she had an errand to run.

When she came back, Oswald seemed to be tired and not altogether happy. He had buried his head among the greens that floated upon and just below the surface of the water, and he maintained his head in that cool and shaded position by slow and rhythmical wavings of his fins and tail. And when Miss Prime waggled her loving and coaxing finger, he made it coolly apparent that he had no intention of bumping it with his nose.

It got to be bedtime, and, though Oswald showed a little more activity, his eye had an

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[OSWALD
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injured and baleful look. Miss Prime shook her head at him a little sadly, and turned out the light in her little sitting-room. But she left the door between that and her bedroom ajar, so that Oswald should not feel lonely. She was careful, however, to keep out of line with this opening while she undressed.

It is possible that Oswald did not miss much. Nevertheless, a more privileged eye might have discovered that the chief matter with the minister's daughter was her clothes. Her clothes had been fashioned by hands that had not yet, and might never, progress beyond very short waists and a general ruffled and forbidding frumpiness. Whereas the rest of her had been struck out of the clay by a Hand that is capable of anything.

*She felt a passionate grief for Oswald, and at the same time for the first time in her life she felt the arm of a man around her waist*

She was only thirty-seven, and she had a pleasant, honest, wistful face. A practiced and honest eye, enjoying the privilege denied to Oswald, might have concluded that her bones were better covered than might have been expected and that on the whole she was comely.

She put out the light and knelt in the darkness by the side of her narrow bed. Her conscience being troubled, she prayed for a long time. If she had sinned in reviving Oswald with a few drops of whisky, she prayed that the Lord would take into consideration her anxiety, her love for Oswald, who was all she had, her poverty and her loneliness, and forgive her. And she said: "It isn't as if I hadn't always had it. It was prewar stuff."

This thought comforted her, and after she had said Amen she climbed into her bed and fell presently into a light and troubled sleep.

She was up early. So was Oswald. Up and down. After dressing and stepping into the living-room, Miss Prime perceived at once, to her consternation and horror, that Oswald had once more leaped from his bowl to the floor.

Love slows the temper. But love coupled with worry quickens it. In the act of returning him to his native element she scolded him. She called him a bad, reckless fish; and did he want to break her heart?

It is probable that he did not. It is possible that he did not even know that she had a heart. During the brief transfer from the floor to the bowl he merely lay sidewise in the palm of her hand and opened and shut his mouth four times. She would have liked to believe that it was an effort to speak and tell her what was the matter, but all that kind of childish imagining had been beaten out of her and prayed out of her while she was still a child.

Oswald did not seem to be hurt, but he was obviously morose. He would not come to her finger. His eyes were dull, and at the same time baleful. About two o'clock in the afternoon she ran an errand, and when she came back he had once more flung himself out of the bowl. He had been out a long time; and it is doubtful whether anything but a member of the carp family could have been revived at all. To revive him she found it necessary to resort to the whisky. Then presently, and to her joy, he was gilling normally and swimming briskly. He sported in and out of his castle. He came to her finger. He was himself again—and yet not quite himself.

The next time Oswald jumped out of his bowl was the next morning before

[CONT'D ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Miss Prime had begun the day. But she was awake and heard the flop.

She leaped from her bed, put on her dressing-gown, and rushed barefoot to the rescue. But she was angry with him and felt like shaking him.

Then, perceiving that he swam but feebly and almost upside down, her anger melted. She suffered from remorse, and after only a moment's hesitation dosed him with whisky. And Oswald manifested a pleasurable revivication in his usual way.

Nevertheless, Miss Prime was of the firm determination that if it is sometimes helpful to use a good thing, it is always destruction to abuse it; and no fish of hers was going to contract the drink habit if she knew it.

So she went an errand to the little grocery and hardware store at the end of the street. She would have preferred any other store, but the main shopping district of the Grove was far, and she was in a hurry.

In Lighthouse Grove (where sin is supposed to be unknown) the little store had a bad name.

The proprietor was a handsome middle-aged Monterey Spaniard named De Silva. He made bold eyes at women, and gave apples and oranges to children, and he believed in being happy on Sunday.

But there were even worse things than these against him.

Gentlemen, walking steadily and giving the impression that they were going to purchase nails or potatoes, had been seen to enter De Silva's store, and to emerge therefrom half an hour later walking unsteadily and without the potatoes or the nails. De Silva was believed to be a bootlegger.

Whenever Miss Prime had been obliged to pass by his store, she had hurried. Several times she had been aware of his bold eyes, and the back of her neck had changed color.

But now she hurried into the store. She wanted a circular piece of closely woven wire mesh about "so" big. De Silva was respectful and interested.

He had a piece, a fragment that would almost do as it was. She could have it for nothing. He would trim it to the size and shape she desired.

While De Silva trimmed the mesh with a heavy pair of shears, Miss Prime felt called upon to explain why she needed it.

"Do you know anything about goldfish, Mr. De Silva? Because mine is always jumping out of his bowl."

She gave details.

De Silva was sympathetic. When she told him about Oswald's reaction to restoratives, he did not even crack a smile.

"And I'm going to put the wire over his bowl and weight it down with pebbles, and then he can't very well jump out, can he?"

De Silva thought that he could not.

"He will try once or twice, perhaps," he said, "and then he will give up."

WHEN Miss Prime had hurried away, De Silva's eyes filled with tears of pure joy, and he put back his head and laughed like a Titan. At intervals thereafter for many days he would suddenly slap his powerful thigh and burst out laughing.

To an extent the mesh worked. Oswald could not jump out of his bowl; but he could jump against the mesh and bruise his nose and knock scales from himself, and he did. He did repeatedly, and with a kind of demoniac fury. It seemed as if he were determined on self-slaughter.

Miss Prime surrendered. Of their two wills, his appeared to be the stronger. He had his way. It was a desperate way, but he had it. To fling himself to the floor, to stun himself, to dry miserably, and then to be revived, was his pleasure, his dream, and his delight.

Miss Prime, having surrendered utterly, made things a little easier for him. She stood the bowl on the floor so that he should not have so far to fall. She placed thick cloths, which she dampened, for him to fall on.

Oswald's thirst increased, you may say, by leaps and bounds, and the good pre-war stuff that Miss Prime had inherited from her father diminished drop by drop from about half a pint to nothing.

That was a terrible day. The first few times that Oswald leaped from the bowl were perfunctory leaps and landed him uninjured upon the soft damp cloths.

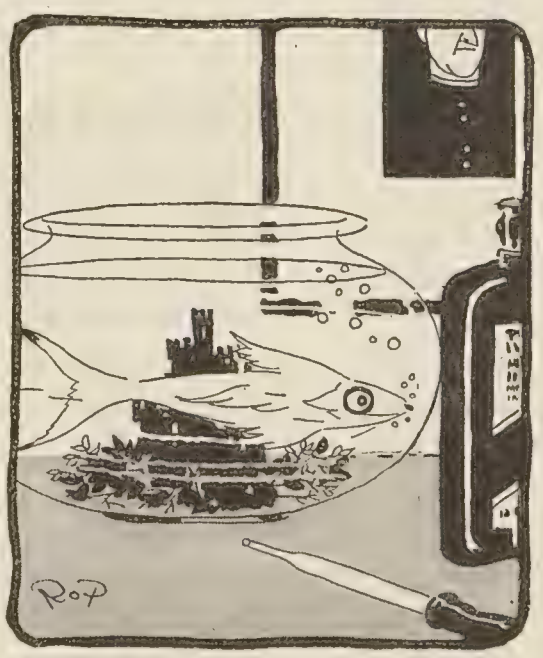
But when he discovered that these perfunctory leaps and pretended injuries got him nowhere, he lost his temper and began to leap far and wide. As fast as she could return him to the bowl, he gathered his battered forces and leaped. He battered himself with terrible earnestness. He tore a fin; he bled at the nose.

It got so that Miss Prime simply could not stand it any longer.

She made a swift and resolute plan. It was better to sin, and to let Oswald sin, than to live without him.

FIRST she filled a teakettle with water. Into this water she slid Oswald. Over the top of the teakettle she placed its heavy cover. Then, with her lips close to the spout, she spoke in a firm, distinct voice, and with a great respect for enunciation.

"Now you be a good fish, Oswald," she said, "and I will do what you want. Somehow or other, I will get you some. But you must be a good fish and not hurt yourself any more. Just swim around nicely and quietly till I come back."



The reader must not expect that while Miss Prime is absent a neighbor or some unexpected god out of a machine is going to blunder in and place the kettle containing Oswald on the stove. Oswald may have deserved such a fate, but it was not the particular fate that happened to be in store for him.

Miss Prime took all the money she had and rushed to De Silva's store. By good fortune, he was alone.

"How did that mesh work, Miss Prime?"

She told him.

"That's a bad, thirsty fish," he said.

"Yes," she said, and then very hurriedly she told him of Oswald's suicidal behavior and explained her dilemma. And she added: "So you see, Mr. De Silva, I've just got to get some somewhere. Oswald is all I have."

De Silva moved into the back part of his store and reached into a dark place under a counter.

"If she'd do this for a fish," he thought, "I wonder what she'd do for a man."

He returned carrying a flat-sided bottle full of a dark brown liquid. She tried to pay him for it, but he would not take her money.

"The people in the Grove," he said, "think I bootleg. I don't. I break the law—yes; but I only buy. I buy a little for myself once in a while, and the most pleasure I get is sharing it with my friends."

Somehow his speech had an effect of warming her heart. She felt an immense, almost a tearful gratitude, and she rushed home with the flat bottle hugged to her breast.

A curious thing happened when she returned Oswald to his bowl. She had placed the pint of whisky on the floor beside it, and Oswald revolved until his goggling eyes appeared to detect the pint. Then for a few long seconds he remained without motion, and then, still without motion so far as concerned his tail and his fins, he moved slowly forward until his nose pressed against the side of the bowl at the nearest possible point to the bottle of whisky.

His dose had run to five drops. Three no longer sufficed, and four left him cold.

AT first the new brand, the post-prohibition stuff, filled him with ecstasy, a wild, ill-considered ecstasy—and then, and very swiftly, with distress. And it was soon obvious that there was something terrible the matter with him. He went into a series of acrobatic feats that closely resembled a fit of epilepsy. He foamed at the mouth. Often it seemed as if he were trying to clutch his abdomen with his fins. His goggling eyes, usually as bright as jewels, became dim.

Above the surface of the water in the bowl, Miss Bathsheba Prime incessantly waggled an alluring forefinger. But, although in his contortions Oswald came near it often, he never once bumped it with his nose or appeared to see it at all. The dim eyes became swiftly opaque. And in her breaking heart she knew that he had gone blind.

Just then there was a sharp, urgent knocking on the door. But she did not move from her knees.

A moment later De Silva pushed open the door and entered the room.

"I have made a terrible mistake!" he said. "Reaching in the dark, I pulled out the wrong bottle. It was whisky made from wood alcohol. I hope you haven't given any to your fish."

She looked up at him, the tears streaming down her face.

"Oh," he said, "but I am sorry. I *am* so sorry."

He came and knelt beside her, and looked at Oswald. At that moment, Oswald, his eyes dead and dull, after one short, sharp paroxysm of pain, turned slowly over and floated belly up. Even any one of the numerous village idiots would have known that he was dead.

"I am too late," said De Silva, "and it is too bad. But I have here a flask of good stuff for you—of pre-war stuff."

She did not hear him. She felt only. She felt a passionate grief for Oswald, and at the same time and for the first time in her life she felt the arm of a man around her waist.

With the aid of his free hand and of his superb Mediterranean teeth, De Silva pulled the cork from the bottle of pre-war stuff. And, his arm tightening around her waist, he said, "Take a swallow of this and you'll feel better."

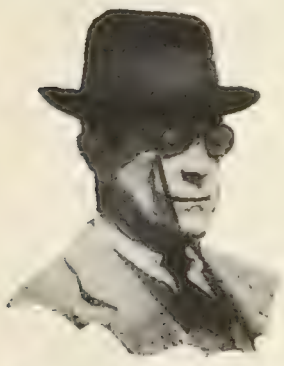
She took it, and did.

They buried Oswald under the little pavement of inverted bottles that Miss Prime had inherited from her father.

THE END

# A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
## NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK



Frederic Arnold Kummer

1700 Rooms, each with bath. So distributed that 75% are at the Hotel Sherman's minimum rates, $3.00-$5.00. No waiting for room assignment, under all ordinary circumstances.

The famous "House on the Roof"

*"The House on the Roof," a magnificently furnished eight-room Georgian dwelling above the twenty-third floor, is known the world over as Chicago's White House and is the abode of distinguished guests while in Chicago. It was formally opened with a reception by President and Mrs. Coolidge*

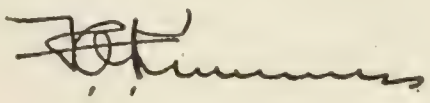
## AT LAST — THE SHERMAN

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

IN that distant past when the Earth was very young, and paterfamilias started out on his travels accompanied by a select assortment of wives, children, retainers, camels and dogs, the problem of hotel accommodations was a comparatively easy one. The leader of the caravan merely ordered his tents set up wherever he happened to be, annexed a few of the neighbors' chickens, swallowed a handful of dates, rolled himself in a rug and called it a day. What could be more simple—he had the same accommodations on the road as he was accustomed to at home, and so far as comfort was concerned might just as well have been in the one place as in the other.

Today, things are different. Almost everybody nowadays has a Colonial home, or a Spanish bungalow, or a first-class mortgage, or something up-to-date. The time when the average traveler from the sticks took one look at a porcelain tub and a Persian rug from Newark, N.J., and thought himself in Paradise, has gone by. Our Homes, in their smaller way, are quite as well equipped as our hotels, taking them by and large, and allowing for a little unnecessary scenery. It therefore follows that the ultra-modern hotel, to be unique, must give the sojourner within its walls something more than bills of fare and plumbing fixtures, must, in fact, compete with a man's home in its homelike attributes, just as his home has competed with the hotels, in its mechanical attributes.

The Byfields and Frank Bering have done it. Even though I am six-feet-three-inches tall, I can get a bed at their new Sherman Hotel in Chicago which does not force me to spend the night tied in a bowknot. I can get—but of course I could not possibly enumerate all the delightful things they have provided, things which make a man feel, on reaching home again, that he has found much of its sustaining comfort along the way. And that, it must be admitted, is a remarkable achievement.



## GUESTS PRAISE "ROOMS AT ONCE" POLICY

THE NEW HOTEL SHERMAN has been highly praised by many patrons—for its cuisine, for its comfortable and immaculate rooms, for its prompt and unobtrusive service, for its magnificent convention facilities, for its reasonable rates. But one compliment is on everyone's lips, "We like your policy of rooms at once—without delay!"

The policy of *immediate room assignment* under all ordinary circumstances has made a tremendous impression on the travelling public. It is possible by providing plenty of comfortable, moderate-priced rooms kept always in readiness.

Among popular features of the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN are plenty of high speed elevators, an entrance giving direct access to lifts and desks, a floor with extra long beds for tall guests, a floor exclusively for women, a housekeeper on every floor, new large sample rooms.

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is the home of Chicago's four best-liked restaurants. *The Old Town Coffee Room*, serves HOTEL SHERMAN food at coffee shop prices. *The College Inn* is known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables. *The Bal Tabarin*, the world's most beautiful supper club, is the rendezvous for the smart set on Saturday nights. *The Celtic Restaurant* has comfortable appointments for busy business men.

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN with a Grand Banquet Hall seating 2,500, a huge exposition hall, and an enlarged mezzanine floor offers convention and exposition facilities not found in any other Chicago hotel—more than one and one-half acres of exhibition floor space in the heart of the loop.

JOSEPH BYFIELD, *President* FRANK W. BERING, *Vice-President and Managing Director*

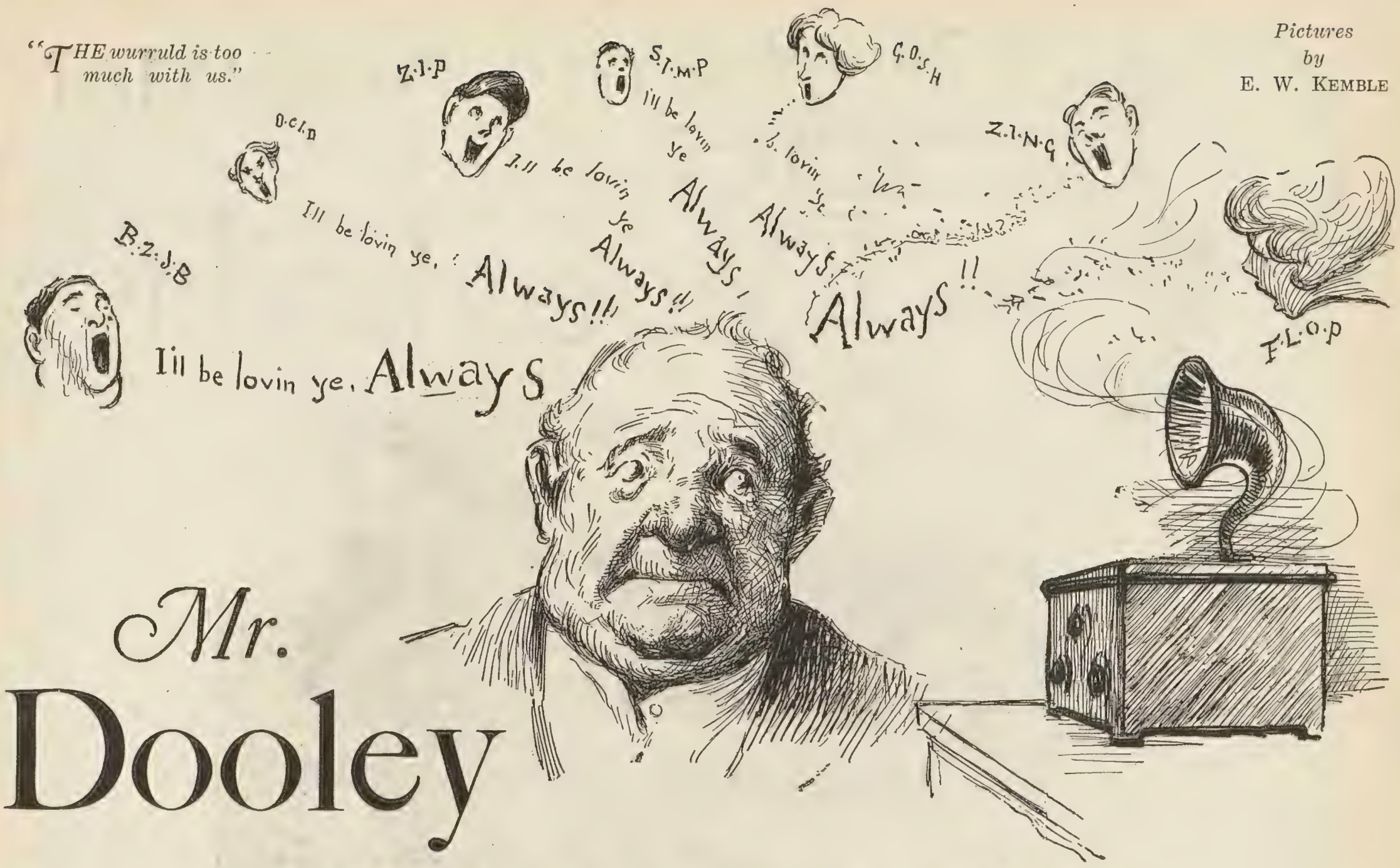
MOST CENTRAL OF CHICAGO HOTELS · NEAREST THEATRES · PUBLIC BUILDINGS · SHOPPING DISTRICT · BOULEVARDS

# NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

"THE wurruld is too much with us."

Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE




# Mr. Dooley on Conversation

## "Th' Radio Has Put an End to Rational Iloquence"

By

## Finley Peter Dunne

"I SEE here," said Mr. Dooley, "that a fellow lamints th' decay iv th' art iv convarsation. They'se a good dale iv lamintation goin' on in press an' pulpit these days, an' I like it.

"I like th' idee that th' wurruld is goin' down hill, f'r it shows it hasn't changed. It's been goin' down hill iver since I can raymimber, accoordin' to th' iditors an' th' preachers, an' that's th' way it ought to go. It's much aisier an' more comfortable f'r round bodies like th' arth an' mesilf to go down hill thin to roll up.

"This fellow tells about th' convarsations that used to go on in olden times, whin th' smartest men in London, England, wud put off atin' till iliven o'clock in th' mornin' an' thin gather around a light breakfast iv ham, turkey stuffed with eyesthers, sausages, venison pasty, hare pie, haggis, a ox roasted whole, a couple iv fried iliphants, a welsh rabbit, a tureen iv onion soup, a raspberry tart, an' a five-gallon jorum iv brandy punch an' talk thimsilves undher th' table.

"'Who,' says this Laminter, 'who wud not love to see this gallocksy iv janius an' hear th' feast iv raison an' flow iv soul—Lord Macaulay, Sidney Smith, Char-les Lamb, James J. Jeffreys, Willum Shakespere, Dock Johnson, Lord Byrum, Jane Austin, th' Jook iv Wellington, Tom Cribb, Big Eddie Burke, Joshuah Reynolds, an' Martin Tupper? Who wud not give twinty years iv his life to listen to Tom Macaulay, a vur'table Niaggry Falls iv iloquince?'

"Well, I wudden't f'r wan; I wudden't give twinty cints. This Macaulay may've been a gr-reat talker but I'd rather see Niaggry Falls be moonlight an' listen to its roar fr'm th' suspinsion bridge thin put me head undher it.

"But there's no doubt that intelleckchool an' refined convarsation is on th' skids, as this fellow says. I used to go to Hogan's house twict a week to talk to him an' get away fr'm talkin' to th' likes iv ye. Ye're a good father, Hinnissy, a repytable citizen, an' me frind; but as a convarsationalist, most iv th' time I might as well be talkin' to th' gasoline pump on th' corner.

"Convarsation with you is like practisin' alone at handball. All I can do is bounce me wise sayin's, caustic criticisms, an' witty asides again ye an' have thim bounce back at me. But with Hogan 'tis diff'rent. He puts up a stiff defince in an arguymint an' is not on'y spry but has wind an' endurance although I don't mind tellin' ye, if I extind mesilf I can give him a hand an' five at anny discussion fr'm bootleggin' to fundamentalism.

"We'd set together afther supper, with Mrs. Hogan croshayin' or darnin' stockin's an' lookin' on with th' supeeryor smile that a wife always wears whin her husband is talkin' about important matthers with an old frind an' a bottle. Th' childher wud be grouped around readin' good lithrachoor like Shakespere, Deadwood Dick, or 'Tempest an' Sunshine' be Mary Jane Holmes, a much neglicted authoress iv thim days. Afther we'd settled down Hogan wud lanch th' subjick iv th' weather.

"Take it all in all there's no topick iv such gin'ral inthrest as th' weather. It's always new an' always startlin'. Th' spring is late, th' winther arly, an' th' summer unexpectedly hot. I was a good dale betther on th' weather thin Hogan f'r I cud raymimber a winther whin 'twas so cold that th' sthreams froze comin' out iv th' fire hose an' people slid down on thim fr'm burnin' buildin's; an' summers so hot th' bishop sint out wurrud to th' clargy not to mintion purgytory in their sermons because it made th' place too invitin' to sinners.

"Yes, sir, I had Hogan there, but he was at laste me akel whin we got to Topick number two—our diseases. There's nawthin' a man will talk on so readily an' so long as throuble with his insides. A fellow that in other respicts is shy, timid, an' modest will reveal th' inmost secrets iv his ilimintry canal to ye if ye give him th' chanst an' pree-scribe f'r ye if ye let him. If all th' people iv this town who ar-re practisin' midicine without a license were prosecuted there wudden't be room in th' jails f'r minor offinders.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

*Now more than ever before*

# Character *and* Dependability

*The new low price of the Touring Car is $795, Special Touring Car $845, Sport Touring Car $880—all f. o. b. Detroit.*

To press the starter button of your car and know that the engine will respond almost instantly—

To set out on a long trip—even over the roughest roads—and feel assured that the usual mechanical annoyances will not delay your journey—

To buy a car and know that it will serve you faithfully for years without frequent costly overhauling—

To know, too, that expensive refinishing will be found unnecessary, and that when you come to sell or exchange the car it will bring you an exceptional price—

That is *dependability,* as the public has come to apply the word to Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

That is character built by men into a product. That is the expression, in terms of steel, of an inflexible ideal—the ideal to build well and never to relax from a program of constant and progressive betterment.

How well the car deserves the tribute you will realize when you know that more than 90% of all the motor cars Dodge Brothers have built during the past eleven years are still in active service.

And remember that this astonishing record was established before Dodge Brothers new and improved motor cars were released in January.

Far surpassing their past best in sturdiness, as well as in beauty and smooth engine operation, these new Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are destined to break their own unbroken record for dependability and long life.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS
## MOTOR CARS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

"'Ye have a bad cold?' says Hinnissy. 'I have,' says I. 'It's a peculyar cold,' I says. 'I don't undherstand it, th' symptoms are so quare. Me eyes ar-re wathry an' me nose is ayether stopped up or I have to blow it all th' time,' says I.

"'What ar-re ye takin' f'r it?' says he. 'Have ye thried Jamaica rum an' mollasses?' 'No,' says I. 'I stick to th' ol' fashioned rock an' rye. It's good f'r th' cold an' is a sure cure f'r chronic milancholya,' I says.

"An' we'd have it hot an' heavy on th' merits iv these two panacees, with Mrs. Hogan puttin' in an idle wurrud now an' thin in favor iv mustard plasthers, quinine, squills, Wheezo's Cure f'r Consumption, an' other noxious dhrugs that might be all right f'r a little female cold but wudden't sooth th' frightful agony iv a sthrong an' thirsty wan.

"Grajally we'd dhrift into polyticks an' thin th' fur wud fly. I wisht I cud raymimber all th' witty an' wise things we said in thim discussions. 'Twud make a fine book. 'It looks as though Burke wud get th' nommynation f'r Aldherman,' says Hogan. 'He ain't got a chanst,' says I. 'He's a fathead.' 'He ain't anny bigger fathead thin Scanlan.' 'He is; I'll bet ye twinty thousan' dollars he is.' 'I'll bet ye fifty thousan' he ain't.'

"IV coorse that ended th' argymint. So we dhrifted into other what ye might call new contentious matthers like how old is old Mick Malone an' did Casey die in sivinty-three or sivinty-four.

"An' so a dilightful avenin' passed. An' where were th' childher all this time? Oh, they'd gone. It's sthrange how little apprecyation th' young have iv th' convarsation iv their eldhers.

"Afther a time Mrs. Hogan put th' stockin's with th' needles in thim into a bag an' wint to bed.

"Whin she'd gone Hogan wud mebbe take a book down fr'm th' shelf an' r-read a pome while he was gettin' his wind an' thin th' convarsation wud be resumed an' we'd discoorse on Love.

"It was midnight befure th' symposyum broke up afther Mrs. Hogan had been poundin' on th' flure with her shoe f'r an hour.

"But thim days iv raillery an' wisdom an' th' intherchange iv idees between kindhred souls has gone by. Th' radio an' th' phonnygraft has put an end to rational convarsation. Whin I wint to Hogan's las' night I had prepared mesilf to crack with him till th' roosters crowed. I was no sooner in th' front parlor thin his daughther pulled out a card table an' says, 'Do ye play auction, Misther Dooley?'

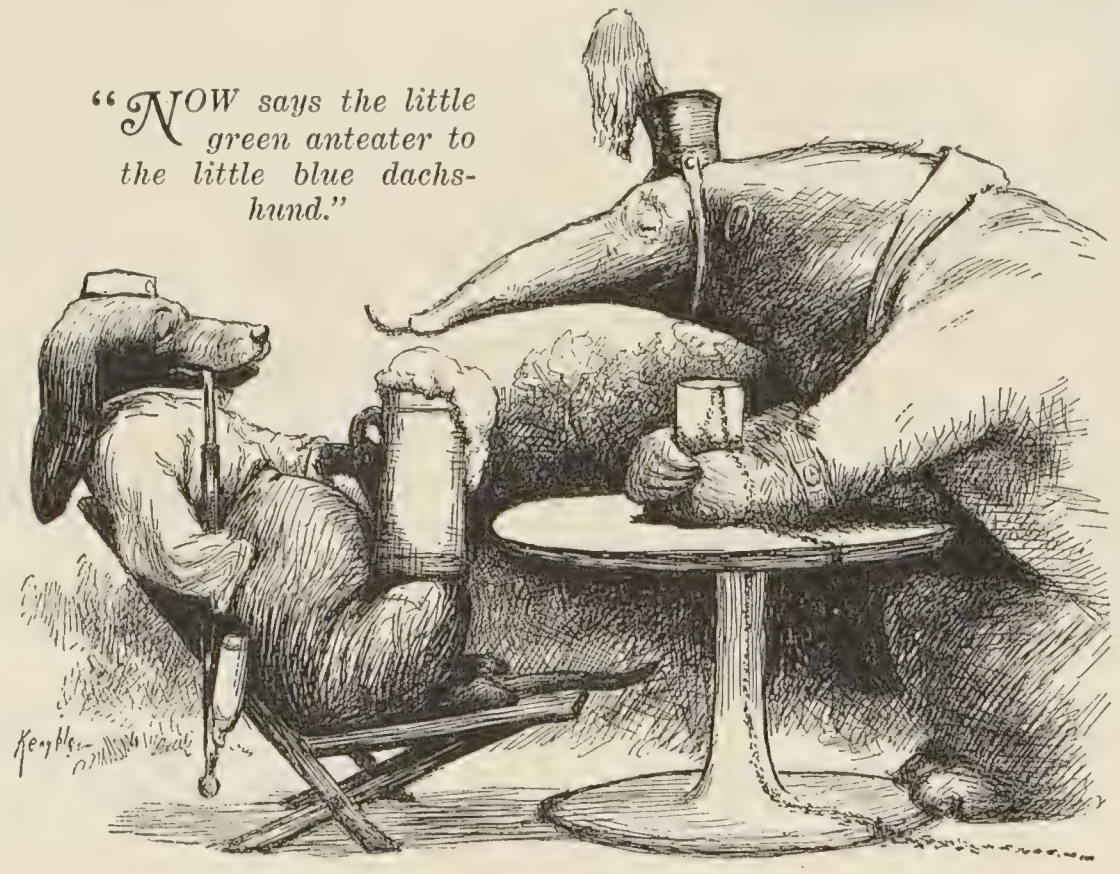
"'No, ma'am,' says I, 'if that's th' game where ye have a book that insthructs ye how to tell ye'er pardner that ye hold th' ace iv clubs or f'r th' love iv Hiven why don't ye lade me th' four iv dimons. Cheatin' at cards is too plisint a spoort to be done be rule,' I says. 'It ought to be impromchoo or spontanyous, ye might say, to get th' best out iv it,' says I.

"But they made up th' game without me an' soon th' air was ringin' with laughther an' giggles an' 'Did ye say two spades, Mamie, or was it four hearts?' or 'How th' blazes can I lade a dimon back to ye whin I got none in me hand?' or 'I tol' ye plain that I held th' king, queen, knave, an' tin, ye dumb thing.'

"In th' mist iv th' clamor I thried to start up a little polite convarsation like Lord Macaulay or Char-les Lamb be remarkin': 'This seems to be very onsaisonable weather f'r this time iv th' year,' but befure Hogan cud come back at me be sayin' he thought so too, young Aloysius Hogan opened up th' radio. 'I got Pittsburgh,' he says, with a yell iv delight.

"'I'm glad ye have,' says I. 'It sarves ye right,' I says. I niver been to Pittsburgh an' I niver want to go. I like to breathe me own, me native, soot. But there must've been great doin's in th' ol' town that night f'r 'twas like listenin' to a mutiny in th' steerage iv th' Geeseppy Verdi.

"But Aloysius wasn't satisfied with Pittsburgh on pay day but moved around fr'm village to village an' first it was Elkhart singin',



*"NOW says the little green anteater to the little blue dachshund."*

'I'll be lovin' ye, always,' an' thin it was Cincinnaty singin', 'I'll be lovin' ye, always,' an' thin it was a quartette at Omaha singin' th' same naytional anthem.

"Manetime wan iv th' twins had snuck out into th' back room an' turned on th' talkin' machine, which reprojooces th' human voice exactly or aven worse; an' what melody d'ye s'pose come fr'm this gr-reat conthrivance that a deef invintor give to th' wurruld? What cud it be but 'I'll be lovin' ye, always'?

"I MADE a few attimpts to go on with th' convarsation but 'twas no use. But Hogan was not so aisy downed. I guess he was ashamed to be subjooed in his own house befure a visitor. Annyhow he got out a book iv pothry an' hollered at me. 'We're too much given to mateeryal things,' he yelled. 'I say,' he screamed, makin' a cup iv his hands, 'they ain't enough quiet meditation in our lives. Listen to this.' An' this is what I heerd.

"'Th' wurruld is too much with us,' says Hogan. 'I'll be lovin ye, always,' says th' radio. 'This is station NGNG, Arthur Boggs broadcastin' fr'm th' roof iv Levi an' Kalbfleish's Pants Pressery. Our nex' siliction will be a duet on th' bass dhrum an bones 'I'll be lovin' ye, always.' Now says th' little green anteater to th' little blue dachshund.' 'Makin' an' spindin' we waste all our days,' says Hogan. 'F'r twinty dollars down an' forty dollars a month our unseen aujeence can buy a wan room love nest in East Eden,' says th' radio.'

"'Gr-reat Gawd,' cries Hogan. 'Why, poppa,' says th' auction table. 'Such language.' 'Gr-reat Gawd,' says Hogan, goin' over to th' radio an' shakin' his fist at it. 'Id rather,' he says, 'be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' he says. 'An',' he says, 'have sight iv Protius risin' fr'm th' sea, or hear ol' Thriton blow his wreathed horn,' he howled. 'I'll be lovin' ye, always. Rooty tooty too, always. Tumty tumty tum, tumty tumty tum. Rootey tooty too, always,' says th' radio.

"Well, sir, Hogan pegged th' book at his son's head an' was about to take a kick at th' radio, whin Mrs. Hogan stepped between thim an' waved Hogan back to his corner. 'What ails ye?' says she. 'Can't a man open his head in his own house without havin' that howlin', yellin', bangin' conthraption intherruptin' him?' says he.

"Thin me an' Hogan adjourned to th' sidewalk, an' undher th' moon we talked an' argyed ontil a new polisman on th' bate come an' ordhered us to move on. We were r-ready f'r him an' whin we got through we had idjacated wan copper in his jooties as an officer an' a gintleman. I've niver known Hogan to be betther. Afther properly inthrajoocin' us as th' two statesman that got th' chief iv polis his job, he wint on to hand th' bull an' account iv th' criminal histhry iv his fam'ly fr'm th' year iv th' Wolf Tone uprisin'.

"AFTHER that he give a short account iv th' arrest iv th' polisman's father f'r stealin' th' copper out iv a holy wather fount, an' concluded with a description iv his appearance, his moral charackter, th' size iv his feet, an' his pers'nal habits. Th' polisman walked back to th' station an' ast to be thransferred to a bate in th' Bohunk siction where they dhrop Carboys on th' heads iv th' constables.

"'How was I?' says Hogan afther th' fellow had gone. 'I niver see ye rise to such hites,' says I. 'What fired ye to this pitch iv iloquince again a insynificant flatty that ye cud have broke be phonin' th' station?' 'I was thinkin' iv th' radio—Rooty tooty, toot, Always,' says he.

"Yes, sir, th' art iv convarsation is extinct. In times to come ye won't r-read anny books about what th' Dr. Johnsons in our time said to th' wit that ast thim to pass th' butther. 'Sir,' says Dr. Johnson, 'ye're a numskull," an' th' mortified fellow was overwhelmed with th' laughter iv th' festive comp'ny.

"If Dr. Johnson was put up again a radio he'd be rejooced to th' sign language in five minyits. But it's tough on us ol' fellows, f'r convarsation is about all that is left to us in life.

"An' it's bad f'r th' young, too, f'r if we're overwhilmed be th' saxyphone an' th' thraps how ar-re they goin' to larn annything about life?

"How ar-re they iver goin' to larn to cure a cold in th' head?"

"I wondher," said Mr. Hennessy, "did they iver listen to ye?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "mebbe not. An' if they did they prob'bly said: 'D'ye s'pose we'll get that way whin we're old?'"

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*In next week's issue of Liberty Mr. Dooley takes up the question of Moral Leaders in the United States. It is one of the most striking articles in the present series and touches humorously but pointedly on a national weakness.*

*—take pictures!*

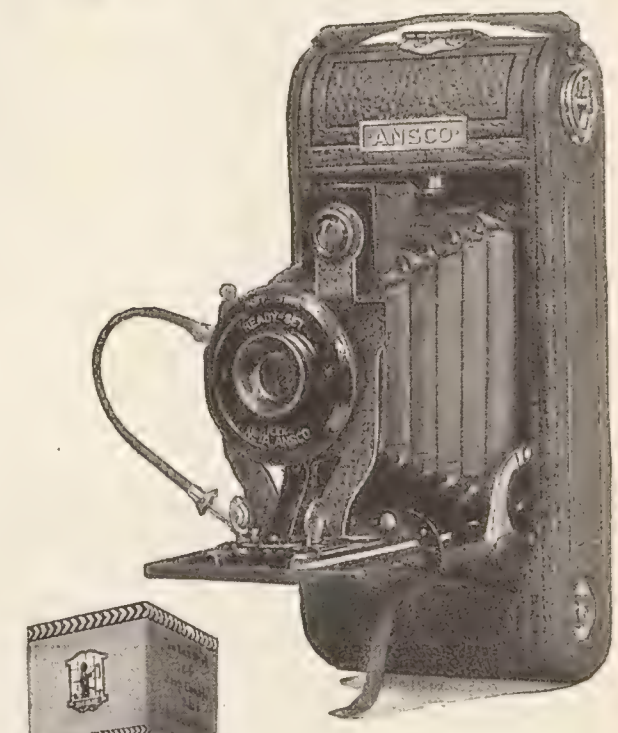
# Keep open forever the road to yesterday

## *—with the unbeatable pair*

IT'S the play hours in your work-a-day life that are the happiest—and the most amusing—that you want to remember always.

Was it a brief excursion to some unusual place, or your pride in the new car, the upset on that picnic, or just some happy happening at home that you'd like to tell your friends about? The best and most interesting way is in pictures. For pictures say at a glance far more than you can tell.

It's pictures you want—live, clear, interesting pictures with a kick to them! You'll get them by putting Ansco Speedex Film in your camera even if you're not a cracker-jack camera user. Come on—prove it to yourself!



**The new Ansco Speedex Film —there's a size for every camera**

*Ansco Speedex Film comes in the red box with the yellow band—and there's a size to fit every roll-film camera made. The Ready-Sets come in three sizes—so walk right in any good store today and make your choice.*

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And by the way—have *you* a Ready-Set camera? It's the camera that's made for inexperienced folks because it has no fussy adjustments for light or distance to worry you. All you have to do is to shoot and get good pictures! As easy as that.

# The Champagne Roadster

"HOP in. Hurry!" Del obeyed with alacrity, and even the old gentleman made haste.

## *Being the Sprightly Story of a Flivver Which Perished that Love Might Live*

*Pictures by* ARTHUR D. FULLER

*By* Frank R. Adams

MORTIMER BANKS would have had a new car long before except for a lot of reasons. One of them was that he had a new fiancee whom he ought not to have acquired until he was able to support her in the style to which she was accustomed—which would have been never.

He ought not to marry Della, but how could he help it? How, we pause to ask, could anybody have helped it who had seen Della and who knew that she was willing? Del, being what she was—the best all-around sport in the world—was irresistible.

"Perhaps you can't afford me right now," she had argued in the plausible fashion of one of her father's salesmen, "but let me point out that under our easy-payment plan you have only to deposit a very small sum of money at the time of signing the contract. The balance is divided up into small monthly installments which will be spread over the next hundred years, or longer if you wish, until the entire billion dollars has been paid."

Mort had still been unconvinced.

"Did the price stagger you?" she had inquired anxiously. "Is a billion dollars too much?"

"It isn't half enough," he had declared rapturously.

And that brought on the kiss from which he emerged practically engaged. No human man could resist Della really. Her father, Mr. Robinson, came nearer to doing it than anyone else, but he was somewhat accustomed to getting his own way himself. As to Della's engagement to Mortimer, he stubbornly refused to recognize the existence of such a thing.

"But we are engaged," Della had stampingly insisted, "and some day soon we'll be married. You won't be able to overlook that—especially if you have grandchildren showing up!"

It was a trifle complicated. One of the things that made Mr. Robinson so partisan was that he had another and more eligible, to his way of thinking, candidate for Della's hand. His entry was Mr. Charles Ferdinand Potter, a bland, blond bachelor of many years' standing, a keen business man of the unhurried modern school, which concludes some of its most important deals about the fifteenth or sixteenth hole or during a thirty-second-degree ritual.

Charles Ferdinand was outside man or business-getter for the firm of Potter & Potter, architectural engineers; and he got lots of business.

"Why, Charles earns twenty thousand a year right now," Mr. Robinson pointed out to Della. "What does your young what's-his name make?"

"I didn't ask him; but I'll bet it is twenty-five thousand at least."

"Yes," her father returned sarcastically; "he earns twenty-five thousand a year and drives an automobile that would be a conspicuous blot in any self-respecting junk yard."

There it was. People, even her father, judged her darling Mortimer by appearances—not by sterling built-in qualities such as sweet disposition, good humor, unflagging energy and devotion. It was exasperating.

Mortimer was in the architecting business himself. But he wasn't a member of any placid, smug concern such as Potter & Potter. On the contrary, he belonged to Blodgett & Banks, he himself being the Banks. Blodgett was Emory Blodgett, an architect who could dream out plans for a hencoop that would make Phidias want to try again on the Parthenon. Mort's part of the partnership was to figure out trusses and such things that would keep Emory's hencoops from falling down. And also he had to go out and get orders for hencoops, dog kennels, roundhouses, country seats, or whatever anyone wished to have designs on.

Mort had to be the business man of the firm because he had a car. The one mentioned by Mr. Robinson.

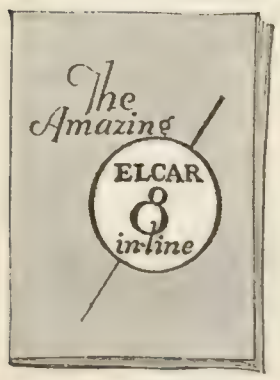
It was the best automobile that seventy-five dollars would buy. To all practical intents and purposes, the Collapsible Quiver, as Mort laughingly called it, was just as good a way of putting milestones behind one as a straight eight.

But, distance-destroyer though it was, the Collapsible Quiver had one serious drawback. It was a distinct blot on Mort's social and commercial escutcheon. Say what you will, nowadays the car makes the man. You

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

# *Power that laughs at lofty hills*

NO ordinary motor can sweep a great automobile over the crest of famous Summit Hill at 50 miles an hour—it was no ordinary motor that did it . . . . . the tremendously powerful Lycoming Motor that gives life to the ELCAR 8-in-Line, is an index to the quality of materials and excellence of workmanship that are welded into the finished product, justly called the amazing ELCAR 8-in-Line.

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*Builders of Fine Vehicles Since 1873*

ELCAR

A WELL BUILT CAR

ELCAR

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

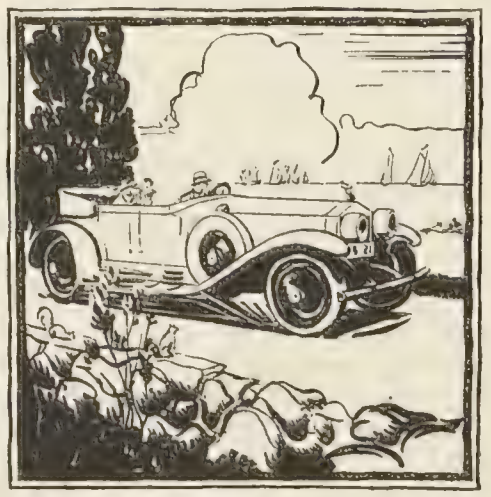
can't dictate terms from the seat of an open-faced, rusted Kiddie Kar, with the stuffing shamelessly leaking out of the seat cushions, the way you can from the velours upholstery of a perambulating show case with platinum finish, open plumbing, door handles, and bird bath. Even if you leave your clanking steed at the curb and transact your business in the other fellow's office, there is always the danger that the conference will be disturbed by the noise of a deciduous fender or the sight of a white-wings shoveling the entire self-sharpening wash boiler into his pushcart.

But a good car costs money, and money has to be saved up by a man who expects to marry soon. On the other hand, you can't save up money unless you get lots of business. And in order to get lots of business you ought to have a good, prosperous-looking car. Which starts the vicious circle all over again. It is confusing.

UNLESS, of course, the firm of Blodgett & Banks could get the contract for the new sixteen-story Chamber of Commerce Building, over in Belleview. That was the biggest architectural plum then ripening in the southern part of the State. It wasn't exactly a competitive job with sealed bids and a definite time for the termination of the contest. That would have been a lot simpler. Instead there was a big committee from the Belleview Commercial Association that had to be interviewed and confused, individually and en masse.

Mortimer had driven over to see them once, a month or so before, on the day when they had given out their specifications. He had been well treated by the committee as a whole, as well treated, anyway, as any of the other representatives — which included Charles Ferdinand Potter among others.

But later, when they drove over to the site of the new building, the committeeman who went with Mort suffered a sudden reversal of manner. Not that he sneered at Mort's galloping cuspidor; on the contrary, he laughed good-naturedly at Mort's own remarks about his transportation. But he quite obviously ceased to consider Mort's participation in the bidding as of any importance.



He liked Mort as a companion and a comedian, but he could not visualize him as an agent to whom to intrust the expenditure of a million and a half dollars. When they arrived at the building site, he openly neglected Mort and joined the several committeemen who were clustered respectfully around Charles Ferdinand Potter.

Charles Ferdinand had not even got out of his car, but surveyed the field from the driver's seat. This gave him an advantage which he probably realized. The man in a seventy-horse chariot is the psychological superior, any day, of the man who stands alongside on the ground.

Mort sensed that he was riding a losing horse, but did not tell Emory Blodgett that there was any doubt in his own mind. Instead he painted the future with roseate certainties, so that Emory could work under the benefit of whatever stimulation he could get out of success dangling just ahead.

Emory did an angel's job of designing and drafting on the new building. It made you feel that in a moment it would flutter a pair of concealed wings and fly away.

Mort knew how good it was, and became so absorbed in the success of the plans that he rather neglected his preparations for marriage.

That isn't saying that Della did not go ahead with her part of the plan. She loved Mort with all of her adorable heart and soul, and she had decided that he ought not to try to struggle along without her any longer. So, when Mortimer failed to set an absolute date for the hitch in time that would make her a temporary pariah in her father's sight, Della went ahead and set a date herself and made her co-ordinating plans to fit.

SHE told Mort what the plans were and he thought she was kidding—which shows that he did not know as much about Della as he thought he did.

She arrived at Mort's office one morning wearing a smart *tailleur* and carrying a small suitcase.

"Going away?" Mort asked in some dismay.

"I thought we would," she admitted.

"We?"

"Yes, Mortimer darling, 'we.' Isn't that a lovely pronoun? I feel as if it had been made up fresh this morning just for us."

"But—" Mort began to object.

"Oh, we'll be married first. Father will like it better if we are."

"Del dear, you just don't understand."

"But I do. I understand absolutely, perfectly. We're going to be married some time, aren't we?"

"Ye-es."

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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*let them enjoy rootbeer made from* Hires Household Extract

For more than half a century this sparkling, creamy rootbeer has been one of the supreme delights of summer-time. Surpassingly good, remarkably inexpensive—yet you can make it yourself, without fuss or muss, from Hires Household Extract.

*Less than a cent a glass*

Easy? Simple as A, B, C! Just follow instructions. You *can't help* making wonderful rootbeer, and a 25-cent package of Hires Household Extract makes 80 glasses!

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Order a package of Hires Household Extract today and discover how easy it is to make this zestful, refreshing rootbeer—rootbeer that is a welcome delight for the torrid days and hot nights that are coming and just the thing to make your picnics and parties still happier. Or if you prefer ginger ale, there's a Hires Household Extract for making that too. Wholesome, delicious, and the same price. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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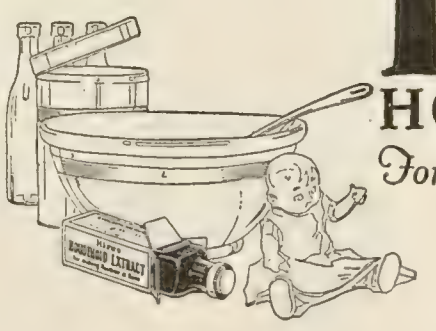

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*Those who think are proud to drink—Hires*
*At fountains* *In bottles*

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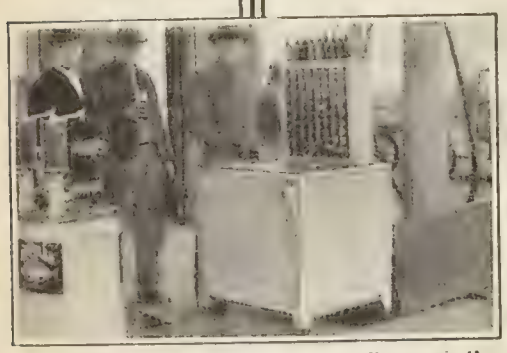

"Have averaged 100 cases a week all summer." —Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas.

"Have customers dropping in regularly for that REAL COLD BOTTLE."—Broadway Waiting Room, Albany, N. Y.

Saves 60% floor space and 75% on ice bill. —S. S. Kresge Co., Chicago.

# Big Money in Bottled Drinks served this New Way

*Already 10,000 of These Liquid Coolers Earning up to $675 a Month Clear, and More*

**Looks like $300 Value—Costs but $100—Only $40 Down—Profits Pay Balance**

THIS remarkable invention—the Liquid Bottle Cooler—not only cools Bottled Beverages—72 bottles at a time; but—

Just as a cash register keeps money sorted out for making change quickly, so this cooler and dispenser sorts out Bottled Drinks by flavors, so any flavor the customer may want can be served in less time than it takes to tell it.

It serves them clean, sparkling, cool and zippy!

And because it abolishes all muss and disorder, thousands of stores and stands that would never sell Bottled Drinks before are eagerly adding this big paying department to their regular business.

## *The Right Flavor Right Away!*

Two things that stunt the growth of any drink business are:

1. Ser ing warm, flat, tasteless drinks.
2. Saying, "Sorry, I haven't the flavor you want—what's your second choice?"

The Liquid Bottle Cooler ends all danger of that. It has 8 cold tubes for 8 different flavors, always filled with 9 cold bottles apiece—72 in all. To serve a cold bottle a clerk must push a warm one in. That keeps each tube constantly full. And a glance at the rack of reserve stock above tells him when any flavor is getting low and should be re-ordered from the bottler.

### *One Clerk Served 1200 Bottles in a Day, Unaided*

"Served 1200 bottles in one day and one clerk handled this entire trade unaided," writes John Kruger & Co. 5¢ and 10¢ store.

"Doubled my sales, and saves 50% of ice formerly used," says Chas. T. Dietrich, Defiance, O.

Others report a 60% saving of floor space as well. For the Liquid Cooler occupies only 30 x 35 inches and earns more money per square foot than anything else in the place.

## *100% to 400% More Sales—50% Less Ice*

Many new dealers are starting right off with profits of $10 to $30 a day. Scores of established dealers have increased their Bottled Drink sales 100% to 400% since installing this innovation and saved 50% to 66⅔% in ice. For no sooner does a Liquid Cooler come to a neighborhood than everyone passes the word along, and crowds of good spenders begin to drop in.

Strong wood and metal construction, scientifically insulated and finished in buff enamel, with flashing nickel trim, the Liquid Cooler is a fine fixture as well as a big profit maker.

## *Drink Season Is Here—Write Quick*

Amusement Places, Filling Stations, Roadside Stands, Stores, Waiting Rooms, Clubs—everywhere that drinks can be sold, this Cooler can coin money for the man who owns it.

No fumbling among unassorted bottles for the flavor called for. No plunging arms into ice water. Just push a warm bottle in, and out comes a cold one! Serve 10 people where you now serve one.

Photos, signed proof of profits, and full information contained in our astonishing new book, *"Buried Treasure."* Sent postpaid if you give the name of your local bottler, and mail coupon at the left without delay.

### *Brainy Merchants Have Discovered This—*

Hidden goods sell slowly—Liquid Cooler is a sales-making display.

Warm drinks kill trade—the Cooler serves them COLD and ZIPPY.

Slow service and untidy methods lose trade—this fast, clean Cooler brings people back.

The cash register never rings when you haven't what people call for—this Cooler tells you in time which flavors to re-order.

The Liquid BOTTLE Cooler

## SEND COUPON

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3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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## THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO.

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 5-L, Chicago, Ill.
Branches in 11 Cities

*Makers of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water—also of Fillers, Carbonators, Soakers and other machinery for the manufacture of Carbonated Beverages*

*THE armed passengers piled out of their transportation hastily.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

"Well, then, why waste our youth not being together?"

"But," Mortimer managed to interject once more, "today is the day the committee over at Belleview is to take up the award of the architectural contract for the Chamber of Commerce. I simply have to be there."

MORT was miserably aghast at what he had said. The very idea of putting business before an elopement!

He tried fumblingly to explain. "Our whole future depends on this job. So does Emory Blodgett's. If we get it we begin being somebody in the architectural world right away. If we don't we may have to wait for years before we're recognized. With that contract in my hand I'm in a position to marry you and make your father like it. Without it I'm just the penniless fortune-hunter he thinks I am. Do you understand?"

Right there was where Della Robinson proved what kind of a wife she was going to be if he ever got her. Instead of being hurt because Mort could not abandon a business appointment for her, she instantly reorganized her own plans.

"I suppose you are right, dear. I do want you to be a success. Not that I really care much about money, but we'll both be happier if you're not worrying about how to get it."

She was so utterly and sweetly reasonable that Mort was tempted to throw all common sense to the winds and marry her then and there before he left for Belleview.

But he regretfully stilled his bounding heart, which counseled him to take her while she was willing, and he even let her leave his office with no more penalty for offside play than a single unprotracted kiss.

As well as he could he brushed her delightful memory from his mind and resolutely attacked the problem of the day.

The plans had to be there, together with someone to explain them to the committee, at one o'clock.

Mort rolled them up in oilskin and deposited them in the back seat of his car. He started off with half an hour or so to spare. With his kind of transportation it was just as well to allow plenty of margin for an occasional mishap. This was especially wise just at that time, as there was a three-mile detour off the paved highway.

Mort rolled along the cement thoroughfare to Belleview, his mind comfortably occupied with the usual assortment of worries, when his subconscious eye took in something familiar about a figure that was approaching him. It was Del.

"Well," he demanded suspiciously, pulling up with a skirling of startled brakes, "what are you doing here?"

"Don't talk as if you were my father," she protested, "and you had caught me shampooing with your prewar Bacardi. But, replying courteously nonetheless to your question as to what I am doing here, I am walking along in leisurely fashion until some handsome stranger comes by in a rambling tomato can and asks me will I have a lift."

"But I'm not going in your direction." Mort pointed out.

"I have no direction. I go equally well either way. Besides, if you don't ask me someone else will."

MORT knew that she was quite right and that if he didn't pick her up somebody else certainly would. So he resignedly motioned to the vacant seat at his side.

"How did you get this far along on the road?"

"A nice elderly gentleman gave me a lift in his Rolls. When I came out of your office building he was inquiring of a small boy how to get to Belleview. The boy didn't know, so I offered to show him."

"Offered to show him? Couldn't you tell him?"

"Of course I could tell him, but he was the kind of elderly gentleman you just naturally want to do something for. He was in a terrible hurry and was afraid he'd get lost. You know, there is a detour. Besides, I had nowhere to go, as I had planned to be married today and they won't expect me home until night. Moreover and on top of that I had never ridden in a Rolls before."

"But where is your elderly admirer now?"

Mortimer was just a wee bit nettled by the consciousness that after a Rolls his own perambulating Charleston must seem a bit shivery.

Del guessed that and put a rose in her answer:

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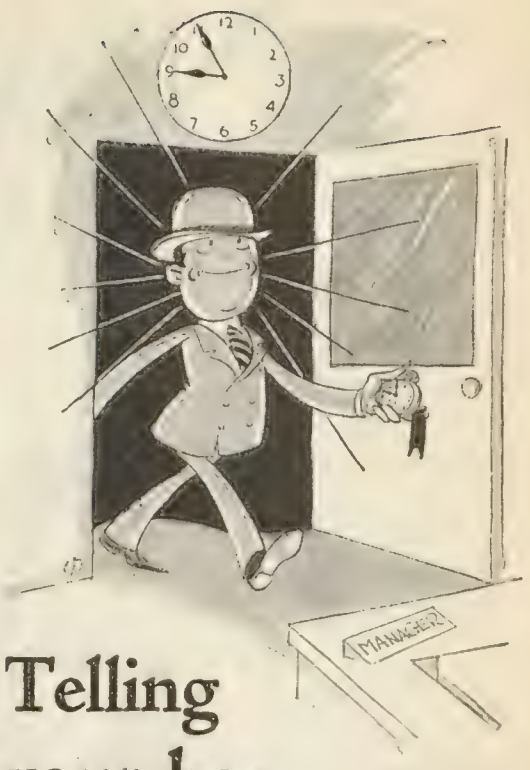


# Telling your boss where he gets off

"Sure, Jim," he wrote, "if I had time in the morning, I'd like to have a 'complete shave,' but I've got one of those 9 o'clock, no-alibi, bosses."

All right! Tonight when you go home, stop and get a full supply of Mennen's. Tomorrow morning make up your mind, if necessary, you'll tell your boss where he gets off.

A little bit of Mennen Shaving Cream on your brush. Build up the creamy, generous lather. You'll get the surprise of your life when you see how completely your whiskers have lost their fight and how obediently they say "Yes, sir" to the razor. That's Dermutation.

*Then*—squeeze a little Skin Balm on your face. First, you'll feel a little tingling, exciting *bite*. Next a fragrant, cool *freshness* spreading all over your face. Just about the most delightful, stimulating treat you've ever given it. Nothing greasy—absorbed in a half a minute. Comes in a 50c tube. No bottle to break.

After that, Talcum for Men—a quick dash of this marvelous, velvety film. It is antiseptic, protecting, soothing. It won't show on the face.

Actually less time for the Complete Mennen Shave than the old-fashioned method which left your face rough and smarting. You will breeze *promptly* into the office with a peppy, million-dollar feeling.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

# Now Rent a Fine Car —to drive yourself

*Buy automobile miles—as you need them*

Costs but a few cents a mile
No red tape

***What you get*** A $2500 automobile to use as your own. Powerful, luxurious—6-cylinder—open or closed, as you prefer—handsomely finished in deep blue and black. Gas, oil and insurance included in our low flat rate.

NEED an automobile? Use one of ours. Drive it yourself—take it when you wish, return it when you're through.

Pay only for the actual service you get. Rates are low . . . but a few cents a mile, depending on where you are, the kind of car you wish.

* * * *

Our cars are luxurious private automobiles. They do you credit when you drive one. Rich blue and black . . . open or closed . . . as you prefer; they seat five comfortably. They're 6-cylinder, gear-shift cars, with powerful, specially-built engines.

And wherever you are, there's one of our stations near you—right in your own city. Note the map.

### *Most economical to rent, now*

You'll find that driving one of our cars—when you need it—and returning it to us when you don't need it, is the cheapest method of *individual* automobile transportation known.

For with a Hertz car you pay only for the actual service you get from it.

When you take one of our cars you'll find it cleaned and ready, kept in tip-top mechanical condition by our skilled mechanics. It's gassed and oiled—you take it for five miles or five hundred . . . for an hour, a day or a week. And you pay on the basis of miles run—the actual service you get. We will even arrange your insurance for you—if you wish.

Look for this sign in your city

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To get a new Hertz car today, simply go to any of our 300 stations spread all over the country. It only takes a minute to get one. No delay—no red tape; simply walk in and drive out.

This new national drive-yourself system comes as a result of our vast experience as the largest wholesale mile merchants in the world. The companies associated with us have the greatest variety of commercial automotive experience known.

We are the men who build the famous Yellow Cabs you see wherever you go. Our great motor coaches swiftly serve the highways and byways of America. Hertz Drivurself is our greatest triumph in providing economical individual transportation to the public.

### *The actual cost*

Take a car of ours for a day at the golf links, 10 miles from town—that's 20 miles altogether. Suppose you take four others with you, too. Start at 9 A. M.—return after your game, say at 5:30. Pay only the nominal rate per mile for the 20 miles you drove . . . no waiting charge on weekdays. You can't beat that for economy.

Many business men use Hertz Drivurself Cars in their daily affairs. It makes them independent of railroad and street-car routes and schedules. It literally saves them hours in a working day.

For pleasure, Hertz Drivurself has made it possible for thousands to enjoy an automobile who could not before. It brings the glorious outdoors to your family, easily, quickly and simply. For social duties, for shopping and the theatre it is invaluable.

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Go to the local Hertz Station in your city today—it's probably listed in the phone book. Then use Hertz Service whenever you require it—no matter where you are. Don't put it off.

## HERTZ DRIVURSELF SYSTEM

***Incorporated for $1,000,000 and owned by***

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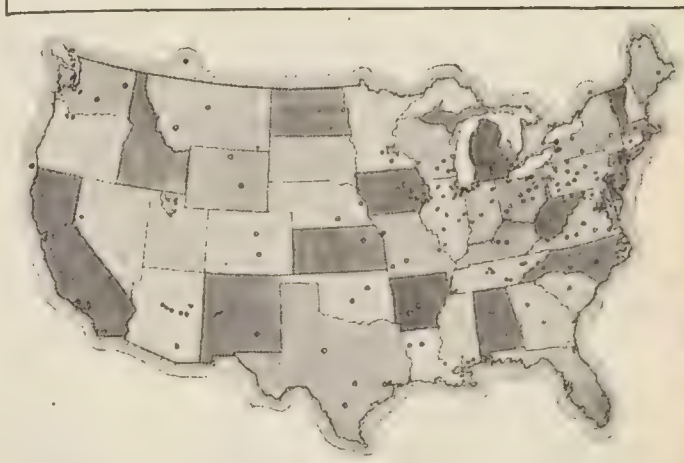
Subsidiary General Motors Corporation

## More Calls—More Sales

### with the Hertz System

BY actual tests salesmen cover more than twice as many prospects in a day when they work their territory intensively in rented Hertz cars. Calls in one area that now require a day and a half or two days can be made in one day. Territory is worked more closely—more calls, more sales. Hotel bills are cut—often eliminated—and the cost per call drops 50% to 75%.

***If you can't drive a car we'll teach you for a nominal charge***



Each dot on this map marks a Hertz Drivurself Station. Upon request we will issue you an interchangeable courtesy card that introduces you at any Hertz Drivurself Station. These cards are registered, and are a valuable means of identification wherever you are.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"He wasn't as good a driver as you are, dear, and he got off the highway on the detour. With that heavy car he sank up to the differential in sand right away, and there he is resting comfortably until someone comes along."

By the time Della had told him the story they were on the detour themselves, and in a moment Mort pulled up abreast of the loveliest thing on four wheels that he had ever cast his covetous eyes upon.

It was a roadster in French gray with upholstery of a wine-colored Spanish leather.

It was a marvelous lean wolf, hungry for miles, but with its foot ignominiously caught in a trap.

The driver was still trying to get out of the sand under his own power, but the wheels were only spinning futilely, digging themselves in deeper.

Even before Mort could protest, he had to pause a moment in astonishment at that driver. Just as advertised, he was an elderly gentleman, but, great guns, he wasn't the sort of elderly gentleman one would expect to find in a sport roadster, even stuck in the sand! This chap belonged in a one-horse shay with the reins wrapped once around his wrists to prevent slipping, in case the mare broke into a trot.

HIS clothes were all right —that is, the material was good and they were new —but they didn't seem to be cut in a style that actually suited him. Perhaps nothing would have looked quite appropriate save a pair of rusty brown trousers, a hickory shirt, and a mismatched vest.

"Thank ye, young man," he said in response to Mort's proffer of assistance. "I certainly got to get me out of here pretty quick if I been going to catch it, the limited train, from Belleview."

"Have you got a tow cable?" Mort asked.

"I don't know it," the old man replied, smiling vaguely. Obviously he didn't know what a tow cable was. "I only got me this car yesterday."

"Well, I've got a length of chain myself. That beats any of the guaranteed tow ropes on the market."

Mort got out his logging device, and in a few minutes the two cars were hooked up like a tug and a liner. But when Mort started his car and put a strain on the chain, that's all he did. The Rolls didn't budge an inch. It quivered slightly, but that was all. Mort got out and considered.

"You get in my car," he instructed the old gentleman, "and when you start up I'll heave from behind on yours. I believe that's all she needs—a little extra lift and push to get her out of this hole."

It sounded like a possible solution. Anyway, it was something to do, and the bogged motorist seemed very anxious to be on his way, at all costs.

So he climbed into the Ford, and Mort got a good grip on the extension of the chassis of the Rolls.

"Let's go," counseled Mort, heaving prodigiously.

But he didn't get any help from the Ford.

"I don't know how to run this new car," explained the driver. "It's mostly different from mine."

"You're darn right it's different," Mortimer conceded, with a grin. "There ain't any two things in the world that's quite so different as a Ford and a Rolls. Del, hop in beside the gentleman and tell him where to put his feet. That's all he needs to know."

*And that brought on the kiss from which he emerged practically engaged.*

Del obeyed orders, and it was almost a success.

The Ford whanged away industriously, and Mort lifted and pushed with all his might. The Rolls moved upward and ahead about an inch.

Then the chain broke and the heavy car sagged back into its downy nest.

MORT heard the snap of the chain, but for a minute did not know what had happened. When he did look around from in back of the big car, the Ford was three or four hundred yards down the road, running at full speed.

"Hey!" Mort shouted ineffectually. "What the——"

But the Ford kept right on going.

Perhaps the old man, not being familiar with Ford transmissions, could not stop it.

But surely Del knew enough about it to be able to tell him what to do. And she knew, too, that Mort had to be in Belleview by one o'clock.

The whole thing made Mort so angry he wanted to wring both their necks. But to do that he would first have to catch up with them.

If the Rolls were only on the road, that part would be a cinch.

Mort was standing disconsolately by, trying to figure out some way of pushing approximately three tons up a sandy grade with one-man power, when Charles Ferdinand Potter purred by in his twelve-cylinder showcase.

He pulled up a little beyond the stalled car and backed until he was abreast of his marooned rival.

"Any word you want to send on to the committee at Belleview?" he inquired pleasantly. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a lift, because my car is full of beautiful blue prints, contract forms, and one thing and another. But I can at least tell them why you're not there."

"I'll be there," Mort informed him curtly.

"Oh," Charles Ferdinand was agreeably surprised. "Then you're expecting a steam crane to pass this way in the next few minutes?"

And he went on.

Mort was still slightly overheated when the next automobile came along. And the next. They were both large, swift touring cars, and each carried eight or nine armed men.

They were going hell-bent for next election; but the first one pulled up at sight of the Rolls, and the second one bumped into it. This caused a momentary confusion, but out of it came

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]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*For Standard or Balloon Tires*

*This Gauge is Guaranteed Accurate*

WEAR or strain, caused by improper inflation, means excessive tire expense!

Thousands of motorists are SURE OF MAXIMUM MILEAGE from their tires because they check up the air pressure once a week with the *accurate* U.S. TIRE GAUGE.

You can do the same—and protect *your* tire investment!

The U. S. TIRE GAUGE fits all types of wheels and has an unbreakable crystal. Get one from your dealer today! If he cannot supply you, order direct.

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*All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose*

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

# Beautiful but Broke—

# "MISS NOBODY"

with

## ANNA Q. NILSSON

*and*

WALTER PIDGEON ~ LOUISE FAZENDA
ARTHUR STONE ~ MITCHELL LEWIS
*and* CLYDE COOKE

*Directed by* Lambert Hillyer
Wid Gunning—*Editorial Director*

*Ever hear of a vamping tramp? Then here's a new one on YOU!*

Clever, well-bred Barbara was beautiful—but broke! So she stepped out on just about the most exciting adventure a girl could have . . . .

Boy's clothes—her home a box-car—she rides the rods with a hobo gang who think she's a "regular guy." *Man! what fun, what thrills, what complications!*

*And what a Romance* . . . . For Barbara isn't the only masquerader in this carefree crew!

A vivid film version of the famous newspaper serial "SHEBO," produced by demand of millions of readers.

*See lovely Anna Q. Nilsson as the cutest, most charming "boy" imaginable . . . .*

Brand-new comedy—"different" thrills—a captivating romance. Make a date now to see "Miss Nobody," at the best theatre in town!

A First National Picture

First National Pictures

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

voices: "That's his car—that's Butch Johnson's new automobile."

The armed passengers piled out of their transportation hastily.

"Where's Butch?" one of them demanded of Mort.

"I don't know. Who's Butch?"

"Surely you know Butch Johnson, the bootlegger boss of this State? Everybody knows him—even us and we're Federal agents. This is his car."

MORT shook his head. One thing was certain, the mild old gentleman who had absconded with his Ford couldn't be the underworld king of a bootleg ring.

"What are you doing here?" the principal official demanded suspiciously.

"Just trying to help."

"Trying to help who?"

There is such a thing as inspiration. There must be. Otherwise Mortimer Banks could never have thought of the utterly foolish remark that next passed his lips:

"I was passing by when I heard someone yelling for help. The voice seemed to come from under the car and was very feeble. I came over and tried to push the car ahead, but it is too heavy for one man."

"Gee!" exclaimed one of the posse. "Do you suppose Butch is under there?"

"If he is, he's probably crushed or smothered," volunteered another.

"Hey, Butch, surrender!" ordered another.

"He hasn't even groaned for some time," volunteered Mort.

The principal Federal officer rapped on the chassis with the butt of his revolver, after the approved fashion of communicating with imprisoned miners. "Butch, are you there?" he yelled.

No answer.

"Come on, fellows, let's roll this bus ahead a little and see."

"We got to go careful," counseled the leader, "or we might scrape his face with the differential. Get in and steer, young fellow."

Mort judged that the order was addressed to him, so he assumed the driver's seat.

"You might start the motor, too."

"The motor is running now."

"I can't hear it."

"It's that kind of motor."

"Oh."

The chief officer assigned each of his subordinates to a good place to push. Mort threw the lever in low gear.

"Heave!"

Mort let in the clutch and the sixteen or seventeen pushers pushed all together. And the Rolls wallowed out of the hole and scrambled back to the domain of which it was king—the highway.

It purred as it felt a solid surface under its tires. What a shame to stop that magnificent piece of machinery by throwing out the clutch and applying the brakes! That would be almost like killing a living thing.

Mort hated to do it. But it seemed that he must. So he depressed the clutch pedal and pulled the lever out of low gear.

How could he tell that it was going to slip into high? These foreign gears shifts are so confusing!

The Rolls leaped forward swiftly and silently. Gee, what power!

"Stop! Halt!"

Mort heard the diminishing hails from the rear. What should he do? Already it must look to the Federal officers back there as if he were trying to run away. If he turned back he would doubtless be arrested and held long enough to miss the dead line on the Belleview Chamber of Commerce job.

"Whee-ee-ee!"

Yes, sir. Mort knew the whine of a rifle bullet when he tuned in on it.

That settled it. He stepped on the accelerator instead of on the brake.

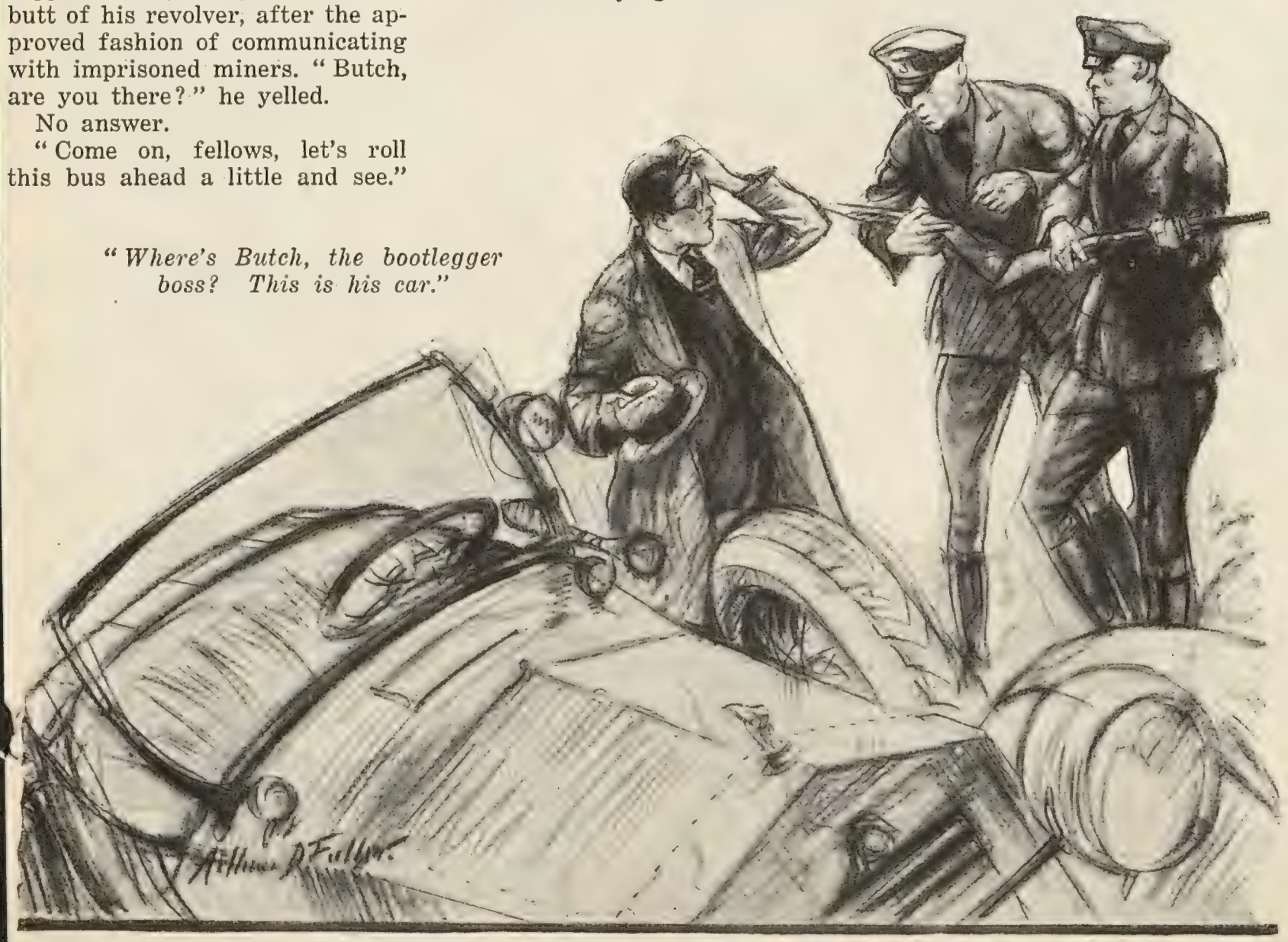
The first Belleview-bound vehicle he passed was Charles Ferdinand's conservatory on wheels. Mort would have liked to jolt it hard enough to shatter some of the cold frames, but that might have bent one of his own bumpers, so he refrained and merely passed the astonished Charles in a cloud of noiseless dust.

THE next blot on the landscape ahead of him proved to be his own Ford, weaving crazily from side to side across the entire highway, and Mort was compelled to slow down for fear he would sideswipe them in trying to pass.

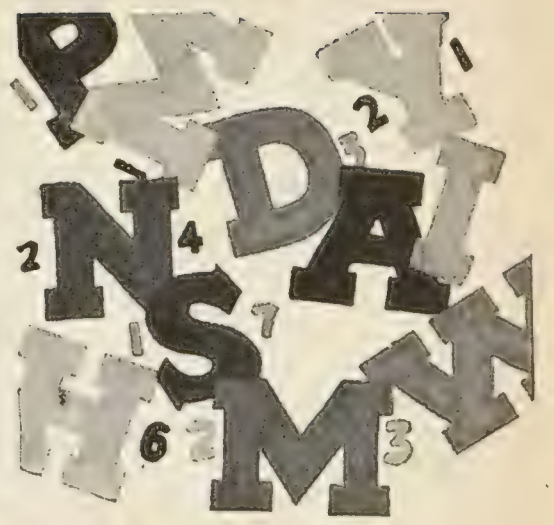
Besides, he wasn't quite sure that he ought to pass them. He couldn't exactly leave Del to the mercies of that shooting gang of pursuers back there in the Federal cars. And yet, if he did stop long enough to give back the Rolls to the old gentleman, he, Mortimer, would assuredly be caught in a very few minutes after he shifted over to his own Ford.

Fortunately, Mort didn't have to waste much time trying to decide. The matter was taken out of his hands swiftly and conclusively.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*"Where's Butch, the bootlegger boss? This is his car."*

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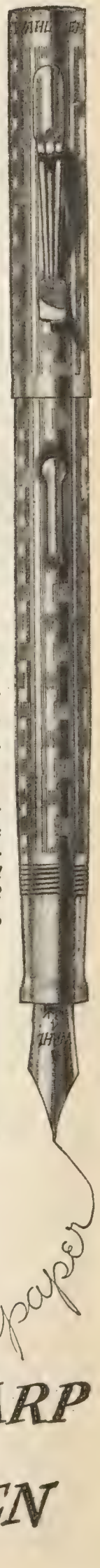

*School days end—*
*Commencement is here—and workaday life is beginning. Give the graduate a gift that carries both sentiment and practicality.*

*Give something that bridges these momentous days between theory and reality, and helps translate the chance thought into sure advancement.*

*Give the gift that better than any other teaches Success' first lesson:*

*PUT IT ON PAPER!*

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*Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking those best friends of an active brain—EVERSHARP AND WAHL PEN*

*There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, the popular standard gift and business model, with 18 inches of lead up its sleeve, gold-filled at $5*

*Perfect writing mate for Eversharp is the new Wahl Pen. Finely balanced; beautifully and lastingly made of precious gold and silver; precisely designed to match your Eversharp, in combination sets, or individually at $8*

Put it on paper

EVERSHARP
and
WAHL PEN

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Canadian Factory, Toronto

[THE CHAMPAGNE ROADSTER
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

The aged driver of the Ford lost control of the elusive wheel entirely, and the car joyously headed for an open pasture in which to spend its declining years. An unforeseen telephone pole blocked the way—plenty. The radiator, the hood, the cowl telescoped together like an accordion packed for shipment. The motor, terrified, left its base and crawled, whimpering, under the front seat.

The miracle was that both the occupants of the wreck were able to get out and look at what had happened. The front part of Mort's car had folded up so gradually that the shock had been mostly absorbed before it reached the passengers. And having no glass in the windshield was a positive blessing.

"Whee-ee-ee!"

Thus the police cars announced their advent.

Mort took time only to rescue his precious plans. He hurriedly shoved the opposite door of the roadster open. "Hop in. Hurry!"

Del obeyed with alacrity, and even the old gentleman made more haste than any casual observer would have judged him capable of.

"Sounds as if there was a hornet in the air somewhere," Del remarked as they began to gather headway.

"Whatever it is, we're going to take no chances of being stung, Mortimer assured her grimly, as he let the entire weight of his foot down on the little push pedal. There wasn't much noise, but the telephone poles by the roadside got closer together immediately. In a few seconds you could scarcely see through them.

If there were any speed cops on patrol that day, they probably thought that what was going through was just a wireless message and didn't pay any attention to it.

Even in Belleview, Mort didn't slacken speed until he got to the railroad tracks.

"Let me off right here," ordered the elderly owner of the car. "I can walk me down two blocks to the station. If you go straight ahead the officers will follow you and give me time to get out of town."

"Here—wait a minute," objected Mortimer. "What'll I do with the car?"

"Keep it until you hear from me. The little lady already told me her address."

THE old man was on the ground and had started up the tracks toward the railroad station. Mort couldn't very well pursue him across the ties. Besides, what would he do if he caught him? He was no Federal officer.

The wisest thing for Mort to do was to drive straight through town and then take a side circle to one side and come back from another direction.

Because, after all, he had to be there for that committee meeting.

That's what he did, his mind so thoroughly concentrated on the business before him that he nearly forgot Del, seated by his side.

She, with a wise intuition given to but few women, read correctly the puckered eyebrows of the driver and didn't even ask him why he went where he did.

When they were back in the downtown district of Belleview, she told him where to let her out, and said she would be in that same place when he was ready to return.

Mort delivered his plans. Besides that, he told the committee about them in the glowing diction of an inspired table of logarithms. He got so deep in higher mathematics that even the strongest swimmers were afraid to follow him.

Then Mort led them downstairs to show them what he meant right on the ground.

The Rolls was still at the doorway. He had thought it might have been confiscated by that time. But no; there it stood in all its sleek, sinewy grandeur.

"I can take two members of the committee in my car," Mort offered.

The two principal business men of Belleview stepped forward with alacrity. The others followed in lesser cars.

Mort knew he had won even before he had shifted into high speed.

ONE day not so many weeks later Mortimer Banks drove up to the door of the Robinson home and tried to find a place to park his temporary car. There were so many automobiles lined up in that block that he had to go clear around the corner and halfway to the next street before he could find a strip of curb long enough to accommodate the somewhat incredible snout of the roadster.

Obviously there was something going on at the Robinsons'. Whatever it was, Mort was apparently invited, because he was dressed in the only frock coat he had ever owned.

*"YES, Mortimer darling, 'we.' Isn't that a lovely pronoun? I feel as if it had been made up fresh this morning, just for us."*

Mr. Robinson himself received Mort on the front veranda with a certain amount of cordiality—cordiality with reservations, so to speak.

"It looks like a nice day," Mr. Robinson observed noncommittally.

"It sure does," Mort agreed, not without a trace of nervousness in his manner.

"Del asked me to give you this," Mr. Robinson said.

"Thanks." Mort took the letter.

What did this mean, being met on the porch that way? And handed a note? Was everything off? Mort knew he was late, but many a young man has been, under similar circumstances.

He read the letter:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Banks:

My client, Mr. Herman (Butch) Johnson, wishes me to inform you that, in spite of your generous assistance in helping him catch the limited out of Belleview one day last month, he is nevertheless about to retire from active business for a number of years, although this may be reduced to months if his attorney, the undersigned, is as successful in this as he has been in several other and similar cases.

But, in any event, my client wishes to present to you his automobile to replace the one that was wrecked by him. The title to the car above mentioned rests with a company of which I am president, and I convey to you herewith an unencumbered transfer.

Yours truly,
MAURICE BERGMAN,
Attorney at Law.

P. S. I am inclosing a key which unlocks the back deck. Anything you find there is my client's contribution to the happiness of the wedding day. He wishes to be there in spirit at least.

Later, when all the guests had gone, and when the orchestra had played O Promise Me and Mr. Wagner's Processional and Mr. Mendelssohn's Recessional, Mort unparked his car and drove up to the Robinson door to get his bride. It wasn't until he had to find a place to stow Del's luggage that he thought of the new key in his pocket.

When he opened the back deck, there were ten cases of champagne!

And Mort had been driving all over the State for weeks with that cargo of dynamite.

"How much will you charge to store this stuff until we get back from Niagara Falls?" asked Mort of his now resigned-to-his-fate father-in-law.

Mr. Robinson thought a minute. "Ten per cent," he decided—"provided you get back before I need any more than that."

MORT carried the precious cargo into the house himself, one case at a time. You couldn't trust servants with contraband treasure like that.

When he returned from the last trip, a stranger was waiting for him beside the car. He stopped Mort as he was getting into the front seat.

"Not so fast, young fellow. I'm a Federal officer and I have a right-to-search permit. You'll have to let me go through this car."

Which he did, while Mort's father-in-law stood interestedly by.

Finally he, Mr. Robinson, blandly inquired, "If you find anything will you give me half?"

Mort was the one who answered: "If he doesn't find anything *I'll* give you half."

"That's better. I'll go right in and begin hiding my half right now."

"There's nothing intoxicating in this car," the Federal agent finally decided.

"Wrong again," Mort jeered. "Meet Mrs. Banks."

THE END

CHEVROLET

*for Economical Transportation*

# Know what Chevrolet offers at these Low Prices!

NOW, more than ever before, automobile buyers are demanding to know what they get for what they pay.

And now, Chevrolet offers modern construction, fine appearance, improved performance and scores of essential quality features—*yet prices are much lower!*

Among these quality features are a modern three-speed transmission, Duco finish, complete instrument panel with speedometer, Alemite lubrication—and on all closed models, luxurious Fisher bodies and balloon tires.

Never before did your dollar buy more—and one ride in the improved Chevrolet will prove it!

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*The Coupe* $645

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*The Sedan* $735

*The Landau* $765

½ Ton Truck (Chassis only) $395

1 Ton Truck (Chassis only) $550

*All Prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich.*

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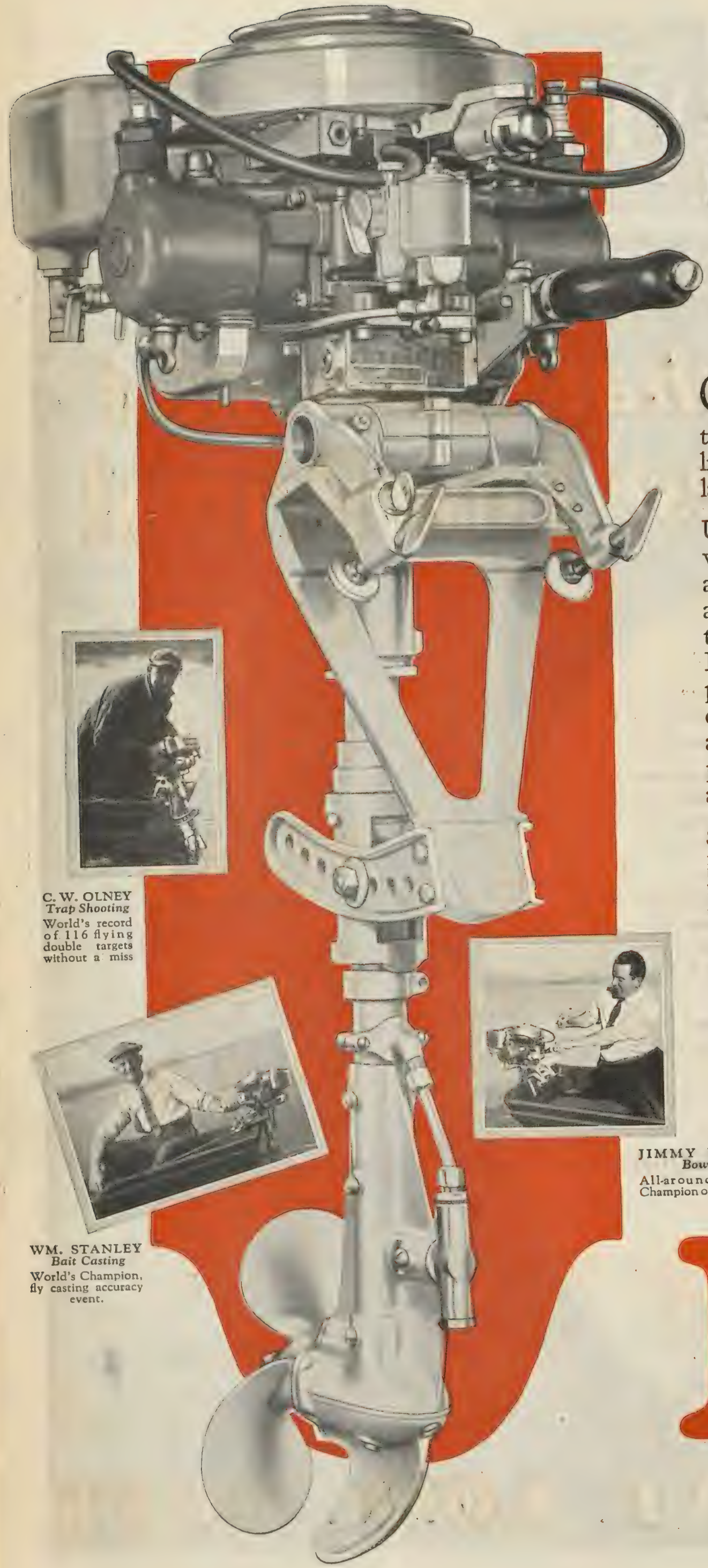

# Pal to it

CHAMPIONS! It takes the Kings of Sport to show us how to "play". With them, leave the tiresome traffic of the highway for the sparkling waters of lake and stream — cool, paradise lanes with a wonderland of scenery and fun.

Upstream at dawn to favorite fishing grounds, off with a breeze in your face while others swelter, across the lake in the evening — to the store, a friend's or a party. And "pal" to you in a thousand pleasures is the new 1926 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin, at whose steady purr, miles slip away in the wake of rowboat or canoe. A title-holder if there ever was one — as trustworthy as your best friend, as untempermental as Walter Johnson, as willing to go as a sprinter waiting for the starter's pistol.



C. W. OLNEY
*Trap Shooting*
World's record of 116 flying double targets without a miss



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All-around Ten Pin Champion of the World.



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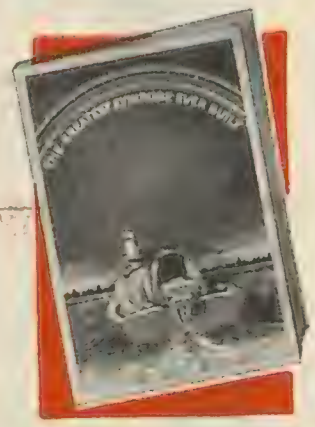
Everyone within a hundred miles of water should have this free book. Illustrates and suggests new, better vacation hours for the whole family. Chapters and pictures for the fisherman, hunter, camper, yachtsman and explorer. Explains exclusive features which made "Evinruding" popular throughout the world. Describes Sport Twin, Evinrude Single, Big Twin (4 H. P., 10 to 15 miles per hour), Evinrude De Luxe Round-Bottom Boats and Camp Stoves. Write today, asking for name of your nearest Evinrude dealer.



EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
520 EVINRUDE BUILDING MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

WARNING: There is only one Evinrude Motor Company. Any other use of this name is a deliberate attempt to confuse.

*The New 1926 Champion*

# EVI

GERTRUDE EDERLE
*Swimming*
Holder of more world's records than ever earned by any woman swimmer.

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Nineteen years with American League Washington Club. Record holder for greatest number of strike outs and shut outs.

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## Now "Evinruding" DeLuxe—12 Champion Features

*Introducing startling improvements giving practically the same convenience, comfort and utility from a rowboat as from your car.*

1. ***Twin Cylinders.*** Valveless, practically vibrationless motor with power increased 30%. Speed range, 2 to 10 miles per hour.
2. ***Light Weight.*** Only 44 pounds. A girl or boy can carry, attach and operate the Sport Twin. In 10 minutes you get launch-like results with easier handling than a car.
3. ***Quick Starting.*** As sure as your car. Ford type Dual Ignition—start, run on either battery or magneto. Plug in battery connection as easily as your radio loud speaker. Easy (Rope) Starter—no awkward hand crank.
4. ***Electric Light.*** Brilliant 6 volt light, with thumb switch, gives daylight safety to night-time cruising. An endless joy to the late fisherman and returning hunter.
5. ***Automobile Type Carburetor.*** Special mixture for starting, trolling and speeding.
6. ***Tiller and Rope Steering.*** Steer with tiller or from anywhere in boat. Complete Rope Steering equipment furnished—snaps, guides, 32 feet of rope, two ebonized handles.
7. ***30% Hotter Magneto Spark.*** Jumps ¼" gap at 36 R.P.M., which is 14 times slower than Easy (Rope) Starter produces.
8. ***Self-Steering.*** Simple clamp-screw adjustment keeps boat on fixed course. Both hands free for setting up fishing tackle or casting with boat in motion.
9. ***Motor Lock.*** Built-in, cylinder type—makes it impossible to unclamp motor when locked to boat.
10. ***Tilt-Up.*** Motor automatically tilts over underwater obstructions such as rocks, etc. Tilts entirely out of water when boat is beached.
11. ***Automatic Reverse.*** Just a lift of the tiller handle sends your boat astern. No stopping of motor to crank it backward; no turning around and taking your eyes from course ahead.
12. ***No Clog Pump.*** Complete change of water every 5 seconds.

*Ask your nearest Evinrude dealer for a free demonstration. If you do not know him, write for his name.*

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World's record in leading American League Batting Averages for nine consecutive years, 1907 to 1915.

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Champion Distance Runner of the World.

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9-3/5 seconds in 100 Yard Dash.

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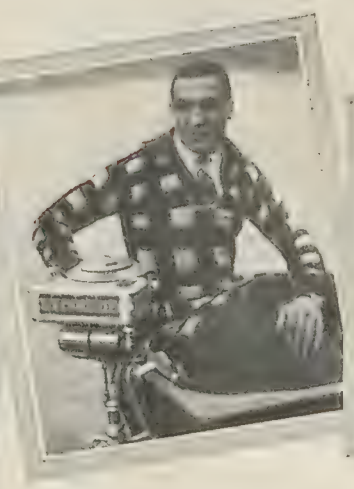
*Boxing* — Featherweight Champion of the World.



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18.2 Balkline title holder 16 Years—longest reign as champion in game's history.

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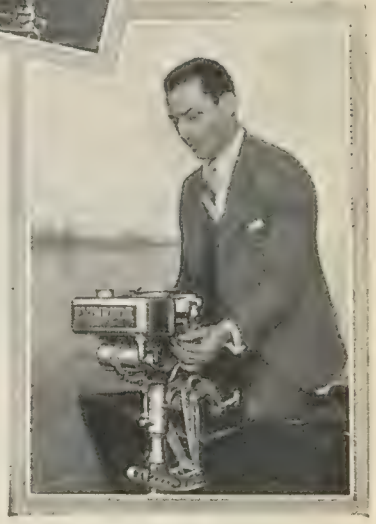
*Boxing*—Retired, undefeated Lightweight Champion of the world.



# EVINRUDE Sport Twin

# Flying Death

*By*

EDWIN BALMER

*Pictures by*
WILL FOSTER

*"WE shall strike hard and swiftly, with millions at our mercy."*

"HE killed them; he killed them; he's been killing them!" Helen Lacey cried to me.

"Yes," I said. "He brought down two of our best pilots—and others."

She twisted tensely, in a convulsive shudder.

It was Helen Lacey herself who had lured Pete Logan and me into the power of a murderer: Henry Bane. But she had done it unknowingly.

Bane possessed a devilish contrivance—a monoplane that could be controlled, through radio, by a flyer in a second plane. At the wheel of this slave plane sat an effigy, in the image of Helen Lacey. Bane, out to kill, had smashed Pete Logan's wing by driving this girl of wood and wax at him. Pete saved himself with his parachute, and I picked him up.

Then the real Helen Lacey flew down out of the sky, talked to us on the waves for a moment, then sent her plane into the air. Naturally we thought her the murderer and pursued her, Pete riding on my upper wing.

The girl escaped. But Bane's puppet swooped out of the clouds and almost got us. Luckily, fuel failed him—failed us, too, and we all came to rest on Bane's lake in the hills about which were his hangars, his house, and his workshops.

Received as his guests, we learned his history. When he was five, Henry Bane saw his father killed by thugs. Years later, his mother was murdered by an ex-convict whom Helen Lacey's father—a politician—had got released.

Unhinged by shock, Bane had turned to dreams of world destruction. He was determined to add Pete and me to the list of pilots he had recruited and who lived with him here, with their wives and sweethearts.

Mr. Lacey and his daughter Helen had fallen into his trap and were here. Bane loved Helen, though he was feared and hated by her. But Sally Gessler, the sweetheart of Boggs, a pilot, was mad about Bane.

Hoping to win him, she had revealed his plans to Helen Lacey.

And now, with the strange announcement that we were wanted at "headquarters," Bane got Helen and me into a passenger plane, entered it himself, and we flew due west, toward some mysterious destination.

# Two Air Pirates Draw a Girl Into an Astounding Plot

*"YOU mean," said Helen, "you are going to drop your bombs upon some city?"*

PART FOUR

HOW dangerous a habit today for civilization to drive men mad! It was safe enough for society when all that the man, made mad, could do was to seize a stone and hurl it; still safe enough when society, besides making him mad, supplied him a spear and then a gun; still safe enough when it added to his equipment also a motor-car; but now he seized airplanes, some of them automatic, and ton bombs of TNT.

As we flew westward, I saw Bane smile, looking down over the side of the plane, and I went sick at the image of him over a city and smiling as his hands released ton bombs of TNT; and I knew he could do it. Nothing in his mind would stop the message to his hands; the great bombs would drop and detonate.

Nothing in his mind would stop him; but something elsewhere? Suddenly I went warmer as I saw him lift his head and look around at Helen and cease to smile; for he met, in her eyes, terror. What did he expect, I wondered; what did he want and demand there?

Approval of himself, of course; he craved her approval.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Fine, durable fabric. Real fit. Careful tailoring. Pearl buttons. Staunch buttonholes. One Dollar!*

# One Dollar

## *New and bigger Union Suit Value*

Step into your dealer's and look at Dollar Topkis — the best buy in the men's apparel field.

Look hard at this quality-union suit. Check its value against anything you've ever worn.

See how the fabrics compare with high-price makes in quality and variety. This for One Dollar; think of it!

Note the comfort-fit produced by Topkis individual tailoring. Ample action-room at every point —your skin breathes!

Look at the little details that are so important: buttons, buttonholes, seams, careful workmanship.

Demand and buy Dollar Topkis, the biggest value for men.

*Write for free illustrated booklet*

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

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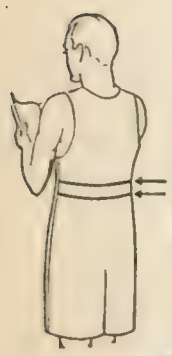

The Flatlock Seam. Nine needles weave the materials together into a seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

*Be sure you read this label*

Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME


[FLYING DEATH
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

So society, after driving him mad and supplying him with airplanes and tons of TNT, perhaps still set some check on him; he wanted approval.

Not approval of just any person, just any girl. Sally Gessler's approval, for instance, was less than nothing to him. He required the approval of the lovely, level, honest gray eyes which had come to comfort him, when he had been confined in the sanitarium, and which now stared at him in terror.

I thought how, on the terrace, he had denied to her what already he had done, trifling as those killings were in comparison to his plans. I thought how he had cried to her: "They fell; fell; fell!"— of the army pilot and the mail flyer whom he had murdered. He had not told her, for he dared not.

SUDDENLY the reason for the effigy declared itself to me. Casting himself into crime, he would carry her with him. But he could not carry the girl herself; so he had fashioned her effigy of wax and wood and seated it in the airplane which he dispatched on his murders. I thought of savages, who fashion clay figures of animals over which they wish to gain power, imagining that by enslaving the figure they may later control the creature itself. So he had enslaved her effigy. Unable yet to bend her to his purpose, his mad mind had found satisfaction in sending her effigy on errands pleasing to him, frightful to her.

Partly it was in practice in control of the mechanism that he had killed Selby and Kent and the other two; partly also, now I was sure, the murders had been some savage rite in which he imagined he was gaining power over her by enslaving, to his purpose, her effigy.

Some of this she seemed to discern; for, as she stared at him, her manner changed. She choked down her terror and repulsion. A flicker of fiery blood flamed in her cheek. She, if anyone, held power to control him.

When he spoke to her, she replied so as to please him.

"Perhaps, perhaps," tapped the tiny pulse in her temple, "I can yet do something with him."

WESTWARD — westward we flew, in the plane with its cabin built to shut out the noise of the propeller. I sat behind Helen, watching her and wondering at her as she soothed and entertained Bane.

She knew it was no hour for argument. He wished to submerge, for the present, the conflict between them; so she humored him, taking up and making as much as possible of the trifles he offered for conversation; and she delighted him.

Late in the afternoon he recollected Larkin, the servant in the rear of the cabin. "Tea," he ordered; and the man, whose talents proved to be many, opened an electrically equipped cupboard, prepared tea and toast, produced little cakes, and served us upon a tiny table.

She sipped her tea and ate her toast and cakes. Not with appetite, but she managed it. On we flew.

Chicago proved to be our destination. We passed and accompanied the customary passenger and freight planes as we approached the towers in twilight. For the sun of the long day was set. The crimson and yellow of the afterglow hung high in the dust halo over the city, but already air beacons gleamed and roofs were swept with the horizontal glare of landing-lights.

Planes hummed beside us, their position-lanterns streaking across the sky. Likewise we were only a hum and a streak as we circled, finding a way for our descent. We signaled a definite roof; it flashed back, "All clear; come down"; and we were down on our wheels and stopped ten yards from the windward edge.

Groundmen materialized from a trapdoor to take charge of the machine; they lifted a section of roof, disclosing a runway down which the plane was slipped. The roof section settled back; the roof was ready for another landing.

Bane escorted us from the cabin to an elevator operated by a man who addressed him respectfully.

"Mr. Cawder in his office?" Bane asked him.

"Yes, sir. I just brought him myself from the street."

"Thirty," said Bane to the man, designating the floor; to us he volunteered the information: "This is our building."

"Your building?" I repeated.

"Why not?" Bane asked me, smiling.

WE were dropping floor after floor to reach the thirtieth. The roof had given me some idea of the linear proportions of the building. It was a mammoth structure.

The elevator stopped and the three of us stepped into a lighted hall with long rows of office doors showing lighted transoms.

*Cawder & Company, Investments*
*Entrance*

read the lettering on the door directly before us.

"This is our name on this floor," Bane informed me and reminded me, "I told you I'd show you who's sane."

He opened the door, leading us into a waiting-room paneled, softcarpeted, furnished with large leather chairs and a desk at which a demurely dressed but alert-looking girl sat in attendance.

She spoke to Bane, who asked: "Mr. Cawder alone?"

"He has just heard you're here."

"I'll send for these people in a minute," Bane said to her, and with no word to us he opened a farther door and disappeared, leaving us alone with the girl at the desk. Behind us, only the door through which we had entered and the hallway and the elevators of "their" building.

I could take his complete carelessness either as a pose to impress us or as complete confidence—not carelessness at all. Hardly confidence in us but in the situation which enveloped us.

The girl at the desk gave absolutely no suggestion of guarding us or even watching us with particular concern. To be sure, a telephone transmitter was only a few inches from her lips and on the desk top were rows of ivory buttons suggestive of power to summon others instantly.

Probably I could not escape if I tried, and the thought of trying seemed not even to enter Helen Lacey's head. She ignored the attendant's invitation to be seated and stood gazing impatiently at the inner door—through which, after a few minutes, another girl appeared and informed us:

"Mr. Cawder will see you."

WE followed her through a large office, lighted but deserted, where several desks denoted the presence, at business hours, of a dozen men, probably, and as many more stenographers. Our reception at evening obviously did not mean that this office operated at night. The air of the place was of an office opened, after hours, for some special, personal work of an executive.

We proceeded into a paneled passage, and suddenly, upon the right, was a doorway or, at least, an aperture. A panel was swung inward, acting as a door except that it was without knob or keyhole or evidence of lock in the panel itself. The girl gestured us through this doorway and we entered a paneled room of good size, almost square.

Bane stood near the center beside a large, flat-topped desk at which sat a remarkable man who immediately monopolized me. He was broad and strong and bent forward in an attitude of extraordinary intentness. He had straw-yellow hair and a face so florid that, taken with his attitude, I imagined at first that we had interrupted him in some outburst of anger or excitement.

I realized in a moment, however, that this was anything but the case. Naturally his face was flushed; naturally he bent forward. He had been a huge, handsome man who, after he had attained his growth, had been broken in two by some frightful accident. An airplane crash came to my mind as an explanation. I looked at his gray eyes, of the gray which is cold, at his cool, curt lips and his long, competent hands; and I had no trouble imagining him as having been a pilot.

He was thirty, I guessed; perhaps not so much; perhaps pain had somewhat aged him; for I realized, as he moved a little, he was in some pain. This motion in his chair was his substitute for arising at the approach of the girl with me.

*WITH one hand I pushed nearly shut the panel behind him. My other hand grasped hers.*

"Mr. Cawder, Helen," Bane said; and she nodded to him.

"Sit down, please," asked Cawder; and seeing that he held himself up from his seat with his hands while she was standing, she quickly slipped into the chair which Bane offered her. Cawder let himself relax.

"Flight Lieutenant Carrick," Bane made introduction of me.

"Sit down," said Cawder to me and I complied. Bane sat between me and Helen Lacey. No one else was in the room. The panel through which we had entered had swung shut; as I gazed about, it was indistinguishable from the other panels. I could only guess where it was.

MY glance followed the panels all around the room and I saw what made the place peculiar. It was without windows. The big broken man watched me and discerned my discovery of this feature.

"We built this room," he said to me, "a couple of years ago on the chance that we might actually need it—actually need its seclusion, I mean," he explained. "Having been brought in as you were, you cannot properly appreciate it. Our architect really deserves some credit; for this space is taken away from the other offices on the floor so cleverly that, having the plan of the other floors in mind, no one would suspect that this floor has this additional room. It was arranged when we thought we might meet with personal difficulties in proceeding with our plans. Of course we have not. Our way has opened even wider than we had hoped.

"We will all gain by being direct," the huge cripple continued in his quick, curt way. "We have on hand a tremendous project. Everything I am now to tell you, as well as the matters you already know—such as the killing of four flyers—must be held in your mind in proper perspective. When you grasp the immensity and dignity of our plan, you will feel that the incidents which seem to have shocked you are matters of the smallest weight. You will see that we are not cruel; we are, in fact, most merciful. We are going to substitute strength for feebleness in the administration of affairs in the swiftest and most merciful way.

"We estimate that we shall have to kill, probably, fewer than ten thousand people and destroy less than two hundred millions in property to put ourselves 'in.' It will be, relative to the results we are certain to achieve, the cheapest *coup d'etat* in history.

"The case of democracy today, of course, is absolutely desperate," Cawder flung at us,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FLYING DEATH Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

suddenly lifting his head. "Some strong group must take over affairs."

He pushed back, jerking open a drawer beside him.

"A few years ago, after an event the effects of which must be obvious to you, I found myself confronted by the necessity of providing for myself under certain handicaps. I had never been a docile or patient person. I happened to meet with another man, also neither docile nor patient. Not he," Cawder absolved Bane from this connection; and I became very sure that differences divided Cawder and Bane. "Another person," Cawder continued, "who teamed with me to take, for ourselves, what we wanted where and when we wanted it.

"I will confess to you—laughable as it now seems—that I went into this imagining that I would find a certain thrill in risks to be run—risks of my life, perhaps, or at least of imprisonment.

"OF course, I was even then familiar with the ridiculous record of law enforcement: yet I did not shake myself free, at first, from the idea that I was courting danger." He laughed shortly.

"A man with a pistol may do what he pleases at almost any time on almost any street. For years it has been so. A few men with bombs—not bombs in any real sense, either, but only home-made hand grenades, a half-pint of nitroglycerin in six inches of steel pipe—can dictate to a whole trade or to a section of a city. They tell a citizen to change his methods in his shop or to close his shop, to go out of business and move away—and he closes his shop or is blown up. They tell him to pay—and he pays. Citizens so threatened dare scarcely speak even when surrounded by police and promised protection. That is the power of an occasional half pint of nitroglycerin tossed from the tail of an automobile."

He laughed again and delved into his drawer.

"That is something of the power of direct methods, when applied in only half-pint packages; here is something of the honor and respect in which men who deal in directness are held. Here are a few letters to me, begging favors, thanking me, fawning on me—from politicians, governors, national figures, collectors and disbursers of campaign purses. Here is something especially concrete—pardons, pardons signed in blank and delivered to me for use in possible emergencies"—he hesitated while he sorted over the sheaf—"I happen to have in my hand pardons from five sovereign States. Would you like to look at them?"

He offered them to the girl beside Bane.

She shook her head. She was biting her lips and trembling; her cheeks were chalk white. Bane watched her. It was evident that he had brought her because he was unwilling, himself, to present the plan to her. He preferred to have Cawder do it.

Cawder referred to me. "Would you like to see these?"

"No," I said. "I know that such things are."

He sat back, resting on his huge hands. "We shall establish ourselves with the greatest ease. We shall strike hard and swiftly once—twice; perhaps a third time may be necessary, but I doubt it. Modern society concentrates its vital points most conveniently for us. If we had ourselves devised and ordered a method of grouping the millions of people to put them at our mercy, we could not have improved upon the present organization of things. No; we shall give two illustrations of what we can do; and no one will ask any more. They will ask us only what we want; and they will give it to us, whatever it is."

"You mean," said Helen Lacey's quivering lips, "you mean you are going to drop your ton bombs upon some city?"

"Not necessarily," Bane put in before Cawder could speak. "Perhaps we shall strike first a ship at sea. There is something peculiarly impressive about the destruction of a ship at sea. The loss on board the Titanic was nothing in comparison to earthquakes; but the Titanic took the popular imagination as no other disaster until another ship like it was sunk: the Lusitania."

"Perhaps you had better proceed," suggested Cawder, coldly.

"I suppose," continued Bane, ignoring him, "it is the completeness of it: nothing left—not even ruins."

CAWDER sat back, interposing nothing more; and Bane became silent. Perfectly evident again was a difference between them; momentarily, indeed, it had developed into open opposition.

"This is enough for tonight," said Cawder, dismissing us, and he lifted himself on his hands as he had done when we had entered. It was his substitute for rising.

Helen Lacey noticed this and, as she had swiftly seated herself to let him relax, now she arose and followed Bane. I went with them toward the panel door, which had opened. That is, I thought it was the same door which had admitted us until, in the passage, I discovered that we were led in another direction. We came, in fact, not to the outer office of the deserted desks but to a small inner room, windowless like Cawder's office and undoubtedly created from space stolen from the offices which opened, honestly, on the hallways. It was furnished with a couch,

*SHE sipped her tea and ate her toast and cakes. Not with appetite, but she managed it.*

table, and chairs—a cubby for temporary detention, obviously.

Bane ushered us into it; but his mind was not with us. He brooded upon his contest with Cawder; and abruptly, without a word to us, he left us.

WITH one hand I pushed nearly shut the panel behind him. My other hand grasped hers. I faced her and my arms went about her to try to combat the terror in her eyes and upon her lips.

"He's going to do it! The other—he's just talking yet. He's not ready yet, even if he wants to do it. But *he—he's* ready and he's going to do it."

"Yes," I said; there was no denying it. He—the "he" who was ready and would do it—of course was Bane. The other was Cawder. There was no confusion between us; we felt the same thing. Cawder, the cripple, had first conceived the frightful enterprise. Broken in body and inverted in soul by his awful injury, he had found vent for his tremendous energies in a grandiloquent dream. His cynicism, consequent to his injury, became increased in his partnership with gunmen, blackmailers, bootleggers, and the gentry who enriched and empowered themselves through terrorizing with bombs. Not real bombs, as Cawder had said; only homemade grenades.

Naturally, having been a flyer, he knew of real bombs. His mind multiplied the effect of the half-pint grenades by two thousand pounds of TNT and gave him the picture which he saw.

So, on his bed or in his chair where he had to hold himself up with his hands, he began amusing himself with building his plan and talking about it.

He might merely have continued to talk, had not Bane come in. His talk and his scheme struck dry tinder in Bane's broken mind; it fired Bane's mood. Bane seized the idea and, not bound to any bed nor to any chair where he had to hold himself upright with his hands, Bane busied himself. He recruited men from Cawder's organization to practice what Cawder preached. Bane became the driving force, driving—or attempting to drive—Cawder himself.

For Cawder was holding back; Cawder still talked only of the grandiloquent scheme which could never be completely prepared. Bane moved for immediate results; he had in hand a project which he could pursue.

"He has his airplanes and bombs to attack a ship at sea!"

"Yes," I said; there was no denying that.

"A passenger ship—a great one like the Lusitania!"

"Yes."

"I brought him to it."

"Not you!"

"Father and I."

"You may still stop him!" I said, holding her tight under my hands.

"How?"

"He's coming back," I said, and released her.

"Cawder," said Bane, pushing the panel, "will talk to you again."

I started with her.

"Not you," said Bane and thrust me off. He was distinctly triumphant; he had won his point against Cawder.

"I want to talk to Mr. Cawder," said Helen; and I made no further useless protest. Bane led Helen away and closed the panel, confining me. For a few seconds I heard their steps; then nothing more. No one returned. I was shut in the little cubby where at last, after long resultless wondering about her—where she was, what she did, or what had been done with her, and what would be done with me—I finally slept. For at four o'clock, when the panel was opened, my callers had to awaken me.

They were a pair of men of the type of those who had brought us in the passenger bus, and their errand was to escort me to the roof, where it was dawn and where a two-seater airplane stood ready to fly.

"Mr. Bane?" I questioned them.

"He's gone ahead."

"East?" I asked.

"Ahead," was all they would tell me; and their answers regarding Miss Lacey were the same. She had gone "ahead" with Mr. Bane. Of Cawder they vouchsafed nothing at all.

THEY invited me into the passenger's seat of the airplane; and the invitation left me no option. When I was seated, they applied straps of the familiar sort which hold a pilot, or a passenger, in place when an airplane tilts. Suddenly they added another strap, binding my hands together behind me, and with a steel band they locked my wrists.

One man went to the pilot's pit. After a moment we were in the air. Eastward, toward the sunrise, we flew; and, except that I was strapped and fettered, I did not feel anything extraordinary in the flight until we were fifty miles from the city and over Indiana farmland.

Then the pilot stood up, climbed from his pit, and went out upon the right wing. The monoplane maintained its steady flight. Still

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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# Friendly but Friendless

SICK at heart he watched them go. Last year he was always asked to join this merry group, but now the invitations were becoming fewer and fewer. Why was it he was now left out of things? He touched his face gingerly in miserable speculation. Could it be . . .?

* * *

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clean, clear, ruddy complexion.

*Clears the Skin:* Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps to clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

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For 10c we send a special Trial Jar containing one-third of regular 60c contents. Contains sufficient Pompeian Massage Cream to test thoroughly its wonderful benefits. Positively only one jar to a family on this exceptional offer.

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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for ⅓ of a 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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[FLYING DEATH
Continued from Page Forty-one]

this did not amaze me; for an airplane, without guidance, is likely to cling to its course for a while.

I saw, then, my pilot play with the little guide parachute over the pack on his back. He was preparing to jump. He jumped!

Below me and behind, his parachute opened; his fall became a float. I was alone, strapped and fettered, in the passenger seat of the monoplane!

Still it stayed steady; still it clung to its course, correcting itself by slight shifts of the controls which could not be wholly automatic. So I realized what was being done with me.

I had been put aboard an airplane like the effigy's—a monoplane with radio controls. A pilot in another plane held my fate. Bane? I wondered. I searched the sunrise for sight of the control machine. Bane? And was she with him?

My passage westward, I have said, had been mere transportation. My return, I realized, was to be anything but that.

---

*Manacled in a plane piloted by another, and borne toward the scene of a gigantic plot, in which he plays a part. That's the narrator's situation in next week's thrill-a-minute installment. Don't miss it.*

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

**This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*Barefoot All Over*

Bobbie was enjoying his daily bath one nice spring morning. The day before he had been permitted to run barefoot for the first time. As he looked down at his wet, plump body he called out:

"Oh see, momsy, I'se barefoot all over!"—D. R., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

* * *

*His Reason Was Good*

John wanted to earn some money during his vacation. He heard of a man who wanted somebody to pick cherries at five cents a quart.

"Gee!" John exclaimed in delight. "I'd like that job. And I'd make a lot of money picking them—'cause I *don't like cherries!*"—H. W. H., Springfield, Mass.

* * *

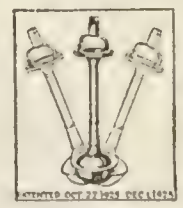
*A Member of the Family*

Elise was unconsolable when her pet donkey died. Next day at kindergarten she declined a playmate's invitation to a party.

"Why can't you go, Elise?" asked the teacher.

A little fist dug into a tear-stained eye as she sobbed: "'Cause you d-don't go t-t-to p-parties when s-s-some of your folks is dead."—H. J. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.

## No Tray To Empty No Ashes To Spill!



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Just flick your ashes and drop your stubs into Smokador—then forget them! For Smokador confines and smothers all matches, ashes and stubs in its *air-tight base.* When dropped into Smokador, that offensive smoking litter—the bane of cleanliness and often of safety—is gone from sight and smell. And if you jostle Smokador, it just bobs up again! Nothing is spilled or broken.

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Dark bronze, mahogany, Chinese Red, olive green, willow green. Price: $10.50 delivered east of the Mississippi; $11, west. Ask your dealer today to show you a genuine Smokador—with Smokador Snuffer Clips. Avoid imitations. If he can't supply a real Smokador, order direct from Dep't D.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

*The Ashless Ashstand*

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## *Something* DIFFERENT *for Bobbed Hair*

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

**Golden Glint**
SHAMPOO

# The Most Beautiful WOMAN in the World

## *That Merciless Judge of Feminine Loveliness—the Camera—Awards the Prize to Corinne Griffith*

An Article by

**EILEEN BOURNE**

TO walk the earth in beauty is the dream of every woman. And those who are possessed of it, some of it or lots of it, have walked steadily for the last few years in one interminable line to Hollywood, the moving-picture capital, and therefore the center of the dreams of all the world.

Every nation of the earth has sent its beautiful women to the California city that basks in sunshine almost perennial. Russia's women, with their tragic white masks slashed with carmined lips, have flashed before the audiences of Main Street. Polish women have trailed passionately across the screen. French women, with their dash and esprit, have lent the touch of virtuous wickedness demanded by American audiences. England has contributed her haughty beauties. Ireland has been adequately represented. Italy and Spain have had their women portraying love for the passion flower. Slim Norse maidens there are to disprove the legend that only Latins have temperament, and the blonde loveliness of the Viennese women flashes smilingly past. Even the Orient, represented by China and Japan, has entered this international beauty contest.

Ours is an age of such beauty that its possession has become almost a commonplace. Our modern manner of living contributes to refinement of form and feature. Modern education extols the advantages of perfecting all physical points so that these enviable assets are no longer deemed the privilege of the few.

Standards of beauty change. It is quite possible that the face and form that arrested Julius Caesar on his way through Egypt might not be considered worth an "extra's" salary today. The type of beauty that would have set the perfumed gallants of the seventeenth century mincing and bowing probably would not receive a second glance from your modern boulevardier.

One reason for this is that appraisal of beauty depends to a large degree upon prepossessions acquired in early life. You find, even among artists—whose training makes them, of all persons, the least prejudiced in ideals of beauty—a universal tendency to regard as the highest types of beauty those to which they are most accustomed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Corinne Griffith—"She is all American, this wide-eyed girl, more beautiful than all other beautiful women."*

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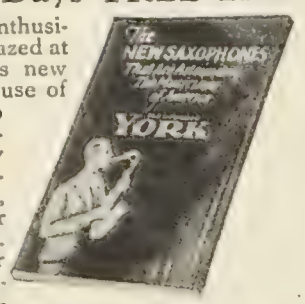


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[THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Another thing, your man of today is more accustomed to beauty. It mills about him in the streets. It is noticeably present in his place of business. He sees it in his wife and daughters.

I do not mean to say that all these women are "golden-apple winners," but unquestionably no era has seen so many candidates for beauty honors as our own.

WHICH makes the selection of the most beautiful woman a task of no mean proportions.

As one professionally interested in beautiful women, I have seen them come and go, from Lillian Russell in the later years of her glory to the latest winner of the national beauty contest. I have been familiar with Hollywood beauties for some years and I have talked with internationally known beauties from Hungary, from England, from Poland and Paris.

I have studied these women in an attempt to find, beyond form and feature, the secret of that unanalyzable power of attraction with which some mortals are gifted.

In this instance, the camera, unfeeling, brutally frank, corroborates my choice of the most beautiful woman.

Who is this superlative beauty?

She is Corinne Griffith.

Look at her picture. Is she not undeniably lovely?

And she is all American, this wide-eyed girl, more beautiful than all other beautiful women.

Corinne Griffith is a Texan. She has had the normal rearing given most girls born to parents of moderate means.

She plays golf and tennis, she rides and she tramps. Her life, until she entered the moving-picture field, was the life of a normal American girl. Then she won a beauty contest at Santa Monica after New Orleans had crowned her queen of its Mardi Gras. She was beautiful then. She has retained that beauty. Indeed, maturity has accentuated it, completed the mold.

Corinne Griffith is the reigning queen. True, she may be superseded by a greater beauty within a few years. In these strenuous and fast-moving days, the reign of even a queen of beauty is short lived—the competition is so keen and the appetite of the moving-picture screen so insatiable.

But the camera, that preserver of pulchritude, will, I think, convince the future that Corinne Griffith possessed at least as much beauty as will any woman who succeeds her.

The camera is the most merciless judge of beauty that ever eyed a woman. Nothing escapes it. Many beauties of history and the theater undoubtedly would have been relegated to mediocrity by the camera.

Corinne Griffith rules the camera. She was fashioned in one of Nature's most "particular" moments. She is the aristocrat of Beauty, the orchid in that human flower show flourishing under the California skies; a glorious fact, but not without its wormwood. For Corinne Griffith's fairness of face and symmetry of line have been a serious handicap to appreciation of her as an actress, a handicap which she is only now overcoming.

SHE proves again that while beauty might be permitted to rest on its laurels, it is rarely, if ever, content to do so. The alleged wise remark, "beautiful but dumb," is about as sensible and true to life as the fixed race between the hare and the tortoise.

A beautiful woman, as a rule, is no more afflicted with dumbness than is a rabbit with sleeping sickness.

Miss Griffith is beautifully made, built strongly on a slender stalk, delicately molded, with coloring subdued and decorative, soothing as it gladdens.

She has the appearance of fragility that is so dear to modern man, who, at best, is a feeble echo of his stocky and roughneck ancestor, the caveman. She has perfect symmetry of form, from the crown of her head to the feet that, with her hands, are famous for their beauty.

She is one of the strongest influences on modern dress, for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*"CORINNE GRIFFITH is beautifully made, delicately molded."*

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Address.....

*"She is one of the strongest influences on modern dress."*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

even Paris looks toward the women of the screen, not for clothes but for ideas on which to hang them. Her taste in dress is impeccable.

The beauty she possesses has worked two ways with Miss Griffith—for and against her.

It was as a beauty that she made her first success. And it is as a beauty that she continues in the favor of the public despite the fact that she is an actress of more than ordinary merit. This fact galls her, as it will any conscientious worker who learns that, no matter how well she works in her chosen field, the fruits of her efforts are overshadowed by the possession of a natural gift.

Beauty pays, as it always pays. But beauty and ability together pay more, as that combination has always done. Miss Griffith now commands a salary of seventy-five hundred dollars a week. Recently she was offered a contract of ten thousand dollars a week, and her directors will tell you—and she no doubt would prefer to have it said of her—it is not her beauty alone that draws. This is most certainly true. But reviewers have the habit of reserving the outstanding paragraph to extol her beauty.

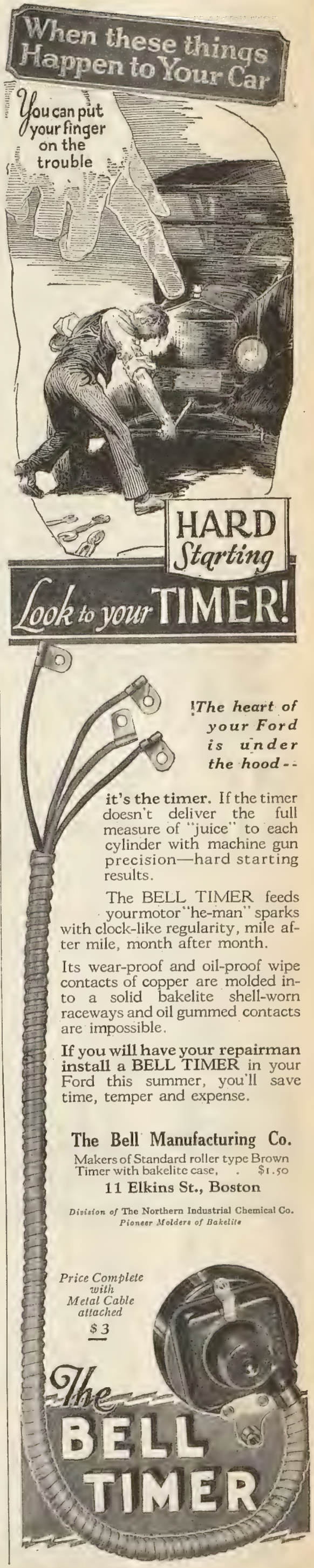
Yet you can learn to be an actress. Given the gift you can become a great actress. But how you are to become a great beauty, when you haven't started in life that way, is known only to God, and He, up to date, has kept His counsel.

But somebody must have slipped Corinne Griffith the secret just about the time she was wailing her way into the world.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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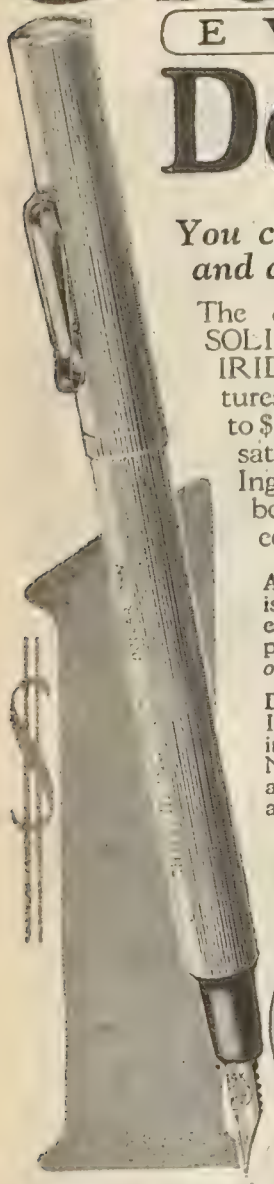

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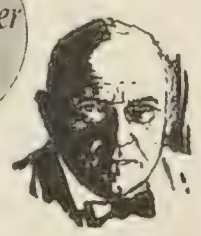

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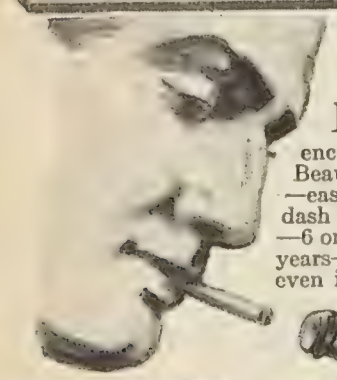

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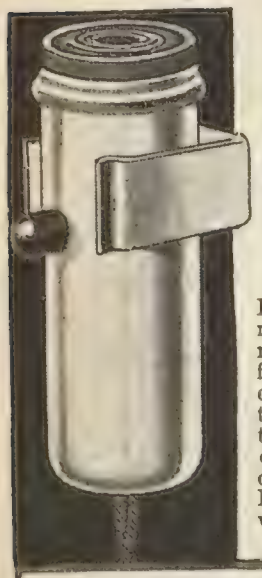

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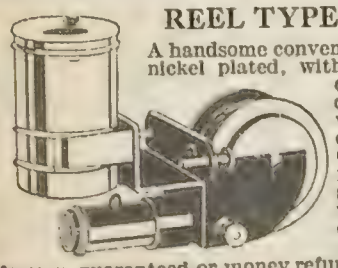

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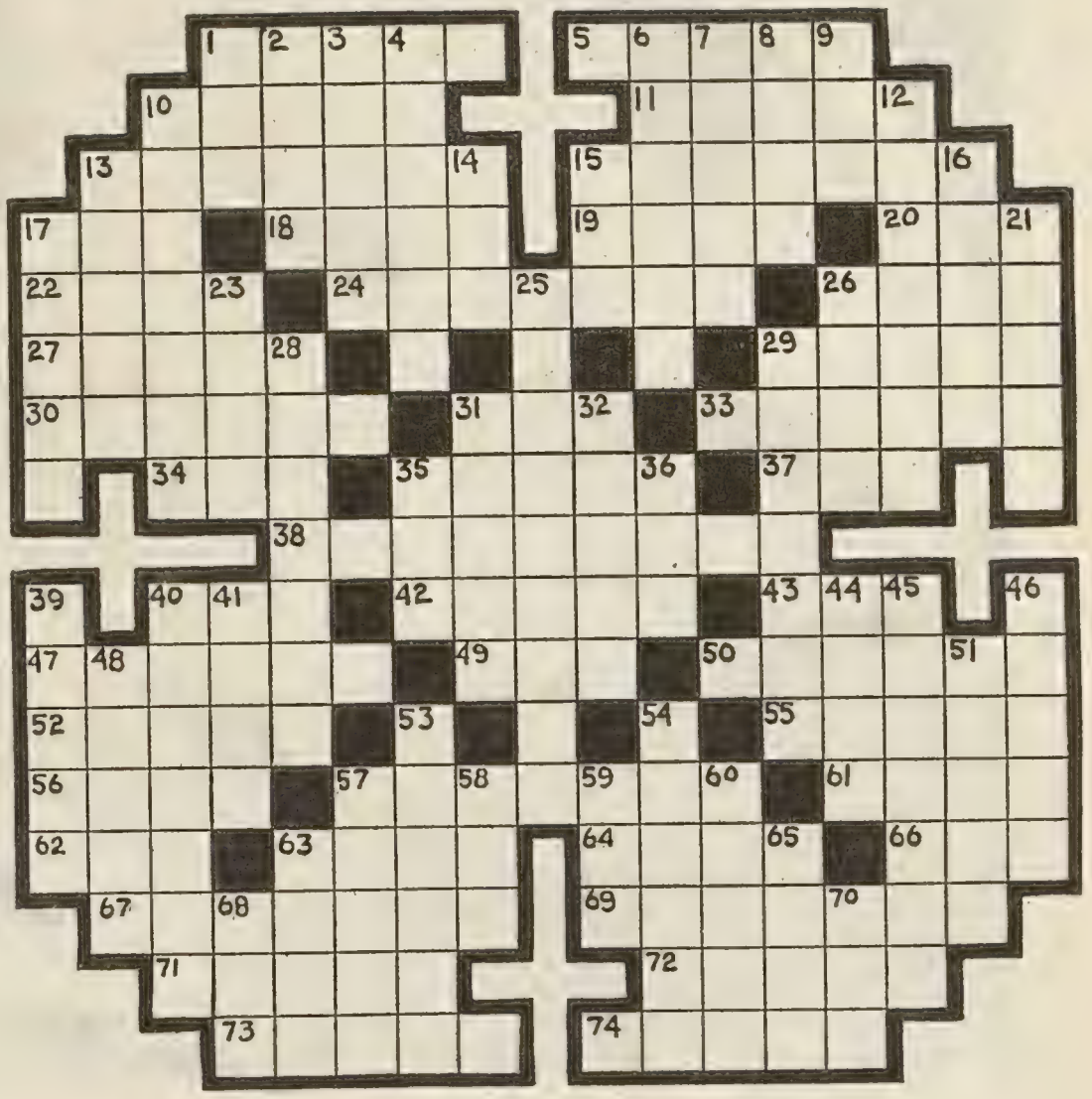
# Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 69

*By* JAMES W. WHITE

WE have it on good authority that the cross-word puzzles are enjoying a revival. It doesn't seem as if they were old enough to have a revival. How long ago was it the puzzle bug went around and bit so many people? Wasn't it just two years ago this spring? And now they are having a revival!

Personally, we haven't observed any flagging of interest since the whole business started. We seldom ride in a railway car without seeing at least one devotee; even on crowded city trains there is room for a cross-word puzzler to do a cross-word puzzle. And Liberty's puzzle friends have been ardent and faithful from the beginning.

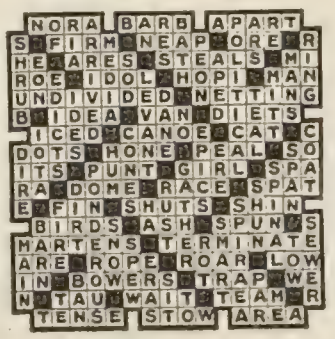


## HORIZONTAL

1 Sheds or shelters for small domestic animals
5 To extend as far as
10 To become unwound
11 The poison of an infectious disease
13 Members of the Delaware Indian tribe
15 Chides severely
17 Purpose
18 To continue in existence
19 Over again
20 A food fish
22 Crystals of ice in the air
24 Indicated
26 Withered
27 A sharpening device
29 Burdened
30 To declare
31 A fit of peevishness
33 Most recent
34 Suffix indicating inhabitant or language of a country
35 A mistake
37 To arrange, as grain for drying
38 A small copy
40 A Brazilian coin
42 An evil spirit
43 To disencumber
47 Opposed to
49 Unit of measure for wire diameters
50 Mallet used by a presiding officer (plural)
52 A small light boat
55 A Tibetan monk (plural)
56 Alcoholic liquors
57 To issue forth from a source
61 An Alaskan city
62 A peruke
63 An inadvertent fault
64 To barter
66 A cardinal number
67 Having toothlike projections
69 Had the flavor or quality of
71 Demise
72 Boundaries
73 To pull or force away by violence
74 An item of property

## VERTICAL

1 A container
2 Ellipse
3 Mildly warm
4 A football team
6 Leveled
7 Ventilated
8 The crop of a bird
9 A hovel
10 Repentant regret
12 Withdrew
13 Soft mass of linen scrapings (plural)
14 Japanese coin
15 A club
16 Painful places on the skin
17 To analyze, as a chemical
21 Small hollows
23 Troubles
25 Mode of action
26 To satisfy to repletion
28 A basis of argument
29 Pertaining to the side
31 The last King of Troy
32 Complete
35 Printer's measures
36 To conduct, as a business
39 South American parrot
40 Failed to follow suit at cards
41 Greek god equivalent to the Roman Cupid
44 Former Russian ruler called "The Terrible"
45 Reduces to a lower grade
46 A manufacturing city of Germany
48 Having legal strength or force
51 Crippled
53 Workers in metal
54 Gives forth vapor
57 To exalt the spirits
58 A monkey
59 An equine quadruped
60 Sprites
63 An asterisk
65 Learning
68 Recent
70 To immerse




Answer to Puzzle No. 68

# The OUTLAWED Mermaid

## *Mimi Turns Rum Runner and Meets a Mysterious Stranger*

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*SHE half turned her body and he saw a revolver hanging from her right hand. "I can shoot," she said—"and will."*

*Pictures by* HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

IT was after midnight, yet sleep would not come to Mimi Millard. Through her open window the sound of the lapping sea at the end of her garden seemed to keep time with the question that was ticking clocklike in her mind: "What can I do? What can I do?"

Impatiently she jumped up, groped for cigarettes and matches, and walked out into the warm blackness of the Palm Beach night. She wandered down to the water's edge. The outline of her figure in silk pajamas might have been the silhouette of a man.

And Mimi wished she *were* a man. That afternoon her elder sister, Ruth, had come to her in desperation, asking for ten thousand dollars. Giddy, selfish Ruth, married to a millionaire, had been indiscreet in one of her flirtations. The man had threatened to expose her unless——

Mimi, moved by Ruth's helplessness, had rashly promised to get the money within twenty-four hours. She had confronted the sneering blackmailer with counter threats and had failed. She had taken her own ready cash and tried to win the ten thousand dollars at the gambling tables, and had failed again.

Here she was, with only a few hours left to redeem her pledge and her sister's reputation.

Impatiently she struck a match to light a cigarette. A moment later she heard the muffled exhaust of a motor boat. It shot out of the darkness and landed directly at her feet.

A man, clad in black from head to foot, walked rapidly toward her. He started a warning curse about her glowing cigarette—then, leaning forward to peer at her, exclaimed: "For the love of Pete—a dame!" Swiftly he gripped her shoulder and his fingers bit into the flesh through the thin silk of her pajamas.

### PART II—SHOTS IN THE NIGHT

"NOT a yip," he muttered savagely.

Three other shapes, almost invisible in their similarly black raiment, save for flashing teeth and eyes, were upon the pier now. Even in this moment of fear, Mimi marveled at their sure activity. "If I'd wanted to scream," she said, her voice trembling slightly, "I could have done so two minutes ago."

The man who held her bent over and brought his face closer to hers.

"You aren't even dressed," he announced. "Down here dreaming of love, eh?"

Mimi clutched at the throat of her pajama jacket; she wriggled her ankles to force the trouser legs farther down her calves.

"What're you doing out here, anyway?" the man went on.

"What are *you* doing here?" she countered.

"Well, listen, cutie, we're a bunch of scientists that's been exploring the keys and discovered a lot of strange flora and fauna, and we're afraid that the Field Museum people will be jealous of us. What are we doing here? You answer my question first. How come, doll, how come?"

She nodded back over her shoulder. "My house," she said. "Hot night; couldn't sleep; came down here for a cigarette."

"Aw, quit the chatter," said another man. "Coast guards don't wear silk pajamas and bob their hair, Tim. She ain't got a warrant in one pocket, a gat in the other, and a pair of handcuffs around her neck instead of pearls."

Mimi's captor, the man called Tim, cursed inarticulately. "But she's got a voice, ain't she? Probably one of them society dames

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE OUTLAWED MERMAID
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

that lap up eight quarts of hooch every night but'd scream for a copper like a baby for the nurse. This is a fine mess. Jackson don't flash his light—the yellow rat got cold feet—and here we are, with dawn coming in an hour, and no place to put the stuff——"

"I said," remarked Mimi coolly, "that my house is just behind us."

Tim stared at her. "We can't kill you," he said slowly; "we can't kidnap you; and you don't look like you'd be easy bribed."

Fear had left Mimi now. It never could abide with her long—her courage was of too stern stuff to permit the presence of fear for longer than that moment of panic.

"And I've already pointed out to you that my house lies just behind us," she said. "It's rather late to go elsewhere."

Her manner satisfied Tim now. His fingers released the biting hold of her shoulder.

"Declaring yourself in?" he inquired.

Until he phrased the words, she had not known what she was driving at. Rarely indeed does anyone take a deliberate step. Circumstances, time, people, all combine to push us into situations. But tomorrow meant collapse to the marital edifice of her sister and the Colonel, unless——

"Well, what about it?" she asked.

"My God! Jackson don't show up—we've got two hundred and fifty cases of champagne aboard this hooker—and no place to put it. By the time we reach the inlet, if we started back now, fishermen, coast guards, revenue men, would all see us."

He ceased speculating on possibilities and became a man of business.

"Jackson was to get five dollars a case. I don't know what a dame like you wants with this sort of business—I suppose the Sunday papers are right when they tell about you jaded dolls always looking for a new thrill. But no matter. Twelve hundred and fifty bucks for you if you'll keep the stuff hidden in your house until tomorrow night. Shouldn't be any risk— Who are you, anyway?"

She was utterly frank: "Mimi Millard."

He nodded. "Heard of you—newspaper stuff—society dame. Well, twelve hundred and fifty plus a thrill ought to make it jake. How about it?"

"I want ten thousand dollars," announced Mimi calmly.

He whistled. "Forty berries a case? Listen: It'd be cheaper for us to sink the whole cargo right here in Lake Worth. Say, cutie, there are five of us in the crew; we got to be paid."

"Ten thousand dollars is the price."

*Mimi knelt beside the fallen man. She turned him over on his back and his eyes opened. His lips parted in a grin.*

*"That's one prohi officer I got!" cried Tim. "And now I'll finish——"*

In the girl's nonchalance Tim read something not observable to the others. Again he touched Mimi's arm; he led her to the land end of the pier.

"Shoot it," he said. "Come clean. You out here this time of night—you willing to cut in on an illegal job—let's have it."

"It's ten thousand by tomorrow afternoon or—ruin," said Mimi simply.

Tim nodded. "Listen, cutie, you got nerve. Suppose you give me this guy's name. Little bit of blackmail, eh? Well, slip me his address and maybe we can make him change his mind without slipping him a plugged nickel. Pay once and you pay twice. What about it?"

"This time he must be paid," said Mimi. "Ten thousand dollars."

Tim whistled softly. "This knocks all the profits off the trip. To make up for that——"

"But you can come again," she said eagerly. "You're willing to pay twelve-fifty for one landing——"

"Five a case. Sometimes we have five hundred cases," he corrected her.

"Well, you can come again—free. Give me the money——"

"Doing a little blackmailing on your own, eh?" said Tim.

"I've declared myself in," she said. "And I want mine—in advance."

He looked out upon the lake; then he stared at her house, shadowy in the darkness.

"Nice spot," he muttered. "Society dame; no one would suspect. Got a road in back? Uh-huh. Truck drive right up? Uh-huh. Servants?"

"French maid and Italian cook. Devoted. Never breathe a word."

He looked at her again. "And you'll make good? No welshing? We get the privilege of landing two thousand cases all told, and storing them in your house until we can get them away?"

"Here's my hand," she said.

He gripped it, crushing her fingers almost painfully. "It's a bet."

Decision made, it was comprehensible why the man was a success in this illegal business. He had made a bargain and would take the risk.

"Go frame your servants," he ordered Mimi. "Find a place where visitors won't stumble over the stuff. Boys, hustle her out."

SLEEK, too freshly shaven, too well groomed, Black called upon Mimi at exactly half-past two. Her gorge rose at sight of him. Tim—she didn't know his last name—was a criminal too. But he aroused no disgust in her. He was rough, slangy, profane, toil-sweating, direct. He would not affront women, would not descend to the last degradation of which Black was guilty.

She handed a paper to Black. The man read it frowningly.

"This," he said, "is a confession that I have committed blackmail, Miss Millard."

"Exactly," she agreed. "And mind this, Mr. Black: I believed *you* yesterday when you said that if I failed to make good for my sister you'd expose her. Now please believe *me* when I say that we'll pay once, but that if you make a second demand this paper will be delivered to the District Attorney in West Palm Beach. You get the money, Mr. Black, when you've signed."

He scrawled his signature at the bottom of the page and handed the confession to Mimi, who placed it inside her blouse. She walked across the room to a desk, threw open a drawer, and disclosed a neat pile of bills.

Cautiously, as if he expected some sort of trap, Black crossed to where she stood. His hand clutched at the drawer; he flipped the bills with amazing rapidity.

"Count correct?" she inquired.

He jammed the money into an inner pocket.

"Now," he said shakily, "let's discuss that confession."

"Let's not," she said flatly.

She half turned her body and he saw a revolver hanging from her right hand.

"I can shoot," she said—"and will."

Once again Black shrugged.

"The pawn ticket," said Mimi. "Place it on the table, please."

She wouldn't shoot; common sense told Black that. But how can one ever be certain when one deals with a woman? Moreover, the confession had abrogated any possible use to which he could put the pawn ticket. He placed it on the table and left the room.

He tried to make a brave march of it, but Mimi knew one thing: Black, his difficulties straightened out, would leave Palm Beach forever. This, instinctively, she knew.

And as the patio gate clicked behind him she fell into a chair, and tears of nervousness, of impotent anger, of remorse, shook her slim body.

She had treated with a blackmailer, had paid him the price of silence! And she had become the partner of law-breakers. Upstairs in the guest-room were piled cases of champagne.

And that wasn't all. She had accepted not merely the wage of sin, but had insisted on advance payment.

She, a Millard, who had come from a line of ancestors who honored the law, was a violator of the law.

She called up her sister, explained casually that the incident was closed, accepted the hysterical thanks in a spirit of boredom, and hung up the receiver.

When eleven o'clock came, the affair was as drab as might have been the daylight removal of furniture.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The Carryola Co. of America
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

[THE OUTLAWED MERMAID Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Had it not been that Celestine and Lucrezia were highly excited, there would have been nothing about the affair to make an imprint on the memory. The only thing that brought a hint of menace was the whispered warning of Tim just before he and his followers departed.

"We make the Bahamas, with any break in the weather, some time tomorrow night. This is Wednesday. Look for us again about Monday night—late."

So this was being a criminal, eh? Well, there'd been a certain excitement when the first hail from the loaded motor boat had greeted her ears, but since then there'd been only worry. One dated one's life from the last offense; mapped out one's actions with reference to the next violation of the law.

THE Gurney dinner-dance should have been pleasurable. Yet when, on Friday night, it came to pass, it was merely a dull interlude between events of greater import.

She was a criminal, a criminal, a criminal! The orchestra at Coconut Grove seemed to hammer out a harsh rhythm that fitted the words, "Mimi Millard will go to jail—will go to jail."

It was this, on Saturday afternoon, that banished her fears: She decided that her harassment was due to cowardice, not to conscience.

Late Monday afternoon she received a wireless message from Nassau. It read merely:

> Hope to see you on agreed date. TIM.

She pursed her lips. An agent of Tim's had sent the message, and probably not filed it until Tim's boat was already under way from some port nearer the Florida coast than Nassau.

She strolled down to the pier that jutted into the lake. In daylight the waters offered certain difficulties of navigation, but at night, when one dared use no searchlight to pick up obstructions, when one might deviate from the channel and ground upon a shoal——

She wondered if, in the event of capture, Tim and his men would expose her part in the affair. Then she shrugged defiantly.

She went back to her house in time to hear the telephone jangling. It was her sister Ruth.

"The Colonel's going to be out tonight, Mimi," said Ruth.

Her voice held that pettish quality which came to it when she had a fancied grievance. It was illustrative of Ruth's attitude toward life that she had not inquired of Mimi how the ten thousand dollars paid to Black had been raised.

"Well, ardent as young love is, you ought to be able to do without the man one night," jeered Mimi.

"That isn't it. I'd planned a bridge game, and counted on him. And you know what unattached men are in Palm Beach. Like needles in haystacks. I've phoned a dozen and they're all engaged. So won't you fill in?"

"Sorry; I've an engagement," said Mimi.

Well, it was true enough: some time tonight Tim would arrive.

"I knew you'd be engaged," wailed Ruth. "Everyone always is! And I think it's ridiculous, at his time of life, for the Colonel to be out chasing bootleggers."

Something struck Mimi squarely in the throat; she swallowed convulsively. It was ten seconds before she could ask, tremulously, what Ruth meant.

"Oh," said her sister, "he and a dozen other men had a conference with the county authorities. It seems the government asked some of the prominent people down here to co-operate. And somebody gave somebody else a tip that a cargo was to be landed tonight, and half a dozen revenue boats and as many yachts are cruising out in the Gulf Stream, waiting for the bootleggers. The Colonel's in the Tarpon."

Exactly what Mimi said to Ruth by way of termination of the conversation she could never remember.

For men like Tim might evade government agents, but could scarcely escape a group of sportsmen who had decided that human game was the most exciting of all—she was under no illusions as to the Colonel's motives or those of his companions: they would chase bootleggers for the thrill it gave them.

And it was so darned unfair! The Colonel, and the rest of them, gladly drank the wines that Tim provided. Why be hypocritical? She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was not yet six o'clock. Tim had casually dropped the remark that his boat could do eighteen knots an hour. The revenue boats and yachts would lie a dozen miles offshore. But if Tim could be warned twenty miles out——

IT was the sheerest madness. To pass the cordon of watching boats, and somewhere in the open ocean hope to find the onrushing bootleggers, was an impossibility.

Mimi forced herself to cease walking up and down her little living-room. This was no time for hysteria; it was a time for the exercise of what cool wit she possessed.

There was no way to get in touch with Tim, save the mad plan she had just conceived and abandoned. Even if his boat had a wireless, which she doubted, she would not know how to word a warning message so that it would not arouse suspicion.

That idea, she scornfully told

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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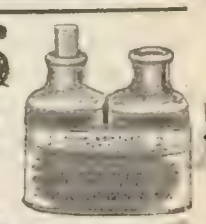


The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots
*SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

herself, wasn't very bright. But there might be those in Florida who would know the exact course Tim would steer from the Bahamas, and who might set out to intercept him with some chance for success.

Jackson! The man who, for some reason, had failed to meet Tim on his last trip, and whose place she had taken. She picked up the telephone directory. Raphael Jackson! She remembered commenting to herself, when Tim had mentioned the name, on the incongruity of the given name. Jackson was so Anglo-Saxon, and Raphael might be anything.

Rapidly she ran down the page of the book. There were half a dozen Jacksons listed and here was her man! She picked up the receiver and asked for the number.

The telephone was out of order. Well, this was no tragedy. She could get over to the address in West Palm Beach in fifteen minutes. Racing across the drawbridge, she made it in less time than that.

Jackson lived in a rather pretty villa near the lake. Mimi shot in to the curb and, shutting off the engine, ran along the walk to the front door. She pressed the bell, the while her beating heart took on an added pace. For there was an air of desertion about the house.

And yet, because she was desperate, she even shook the door knob before she gave it up and retraced her way along the walk to her car.

A MAN strolled leisurely up to her machine. He wore a wide-brimmed, flopping dark straw hat of a type that she remembered having admired in Nassau. Beneath the brim, shrewd eyes looked at her. Good-looking young chap, she thought. Dressed a bit more roughly, with his gray flannel shirt and cheap necktie and inconspicuous blue suit, than comported with his well-kept hands and clean-cut features.

The blue suit was not well cut, and yet the shoes, she noted with a quick downward glance, were obviously expensive, though worn. Then she laughed inwardly at herself. This was a new Mimi Millard whose terrors made her measure and weigh the casual stroller along the walk.

But, as she stepped into her car, the man laid a hand upon the door. He nodded backward toward Jackson's house.

"Looking for someone?" he asked.

She tried to stare him down, but the keen blue eyes met hers levelly, calmly.

"I was," she said briefly and stretched her right foot until her toes pressed upon the self-starter.

"Wait a minute," he said quietly. It was a command, despite the lazy gentleness of the tone in which it was uttered.

"Know who lives in that house?" he asked.

"If I called there, isn't it obvious that I know them?" she countered.

"Them? Never heard that Jackson had a wife or child or anyone else in his house. Mind telling why you wanted to see him?"

"Of course I mind!" she blazed. "Perhaps you don't mind telling me why you ask me such questions, why you detain me?"

HIS left hand moved slightly the lapel of his coat, and she saw pinned upon his shirt a silver badge.

"Coast Guard," he said quietly. "Shore investigation duty. Please answer my questions. This man Jackson's a bootlegger. Know that?"

"Why, of course," she laughed. "But it isn't a crime to call upon one's bootlegger, is it?"

"Not this time," he smiled. "But, owing to a peculiar state of affairs, I'm rather—interested in

any of Jackson's clients. Have you dealt with him long?"

Mimi leaned forward. "Never saw the man in my life. Merely heard of him. Thought I'd discuss business with him. That satisfy you?"

He bowed gravely. "I'm quite sure you'd not lie to me. Sorry to have bothered you. Sorry, too, that you deal with such people. But — I'm an officer, not a preacher."

He stepped back from her car, and she started the engine, threw the gears into mesh, and leaped away from the curb. She hadn't actually falsified, but she'd given a deliberately wrong impression—and lying was distasteful to her.

But she forgot her spiritual troubles in consideration of material ones. Jackson, as an aid, was lost to her. Evidently the plot against Tim was deep laid. If Jackson had been forced to disappear—or perhaps he was under arrest—it looked as if Tim's intimate arrangements on the Florida side were known to the government. And disclosure of her own connection would only be a matter of hours. Tim and his companions, once captured, would show no chivalry. They'd—what was the word?—squeal.

She drove her little roadster at reckless speed and arrived at the rear of her villa in less than five minutes. In three minutes more she had torn off her gay chiffon dress and was attired in khaki fishing knickers, sweater, and cap.

She must, in default of a better idea, adopt the insane one that had occurred to her before she went in search of Jackson. Somewhere in the open ocean, she must find Tim, and warn him.

Her right hip pocket sagged with the weight of the .38 revolver she had thrust there. She tossed a word to the expectant Celestine and Lucrezia, and ran to the pier. She cast loose her motor boat and set forth to the north, toward the inlet that led to the open sea.

Well, it was calm, thank Heaven! This was her only thought as her little craft breasted the ocean swell. She headed its nose straight east and lolled back in the stern. And sanity, perhaps induced by the first peeping star, or by the cool salty breeze that hailed from across three thousand miles of ocean, came to her.

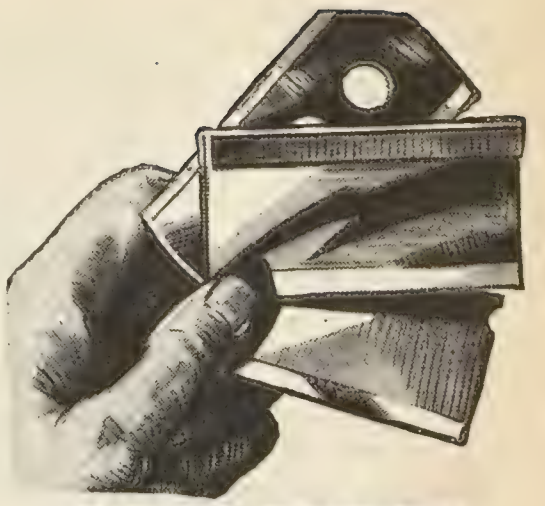
NOT only was there not a chance in a million that she could find Tim's boat, but there was not a chance in a hundred that, if she once lost sight of land, she could ever find her way back. This rush from her home and the impetuous plunge out into the ocean all were pieces of an insanity.

To be *doing* something, not to be hanging idly around waiting for danger to strike—these had been the impelling motives of the insanity. But now that she was saner— But what was the use of argument? Sane or insane, she must do the only thing open to her.

Straight out into the ocean, in the darkness now descended upon the world, she sailed.

From the left came the sudden sharp staccato roar of a motorboat engine tuned into startling life. Out of the darkness a shape came rushing toward her. Be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE OUTLAWED MERMAID
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

hind it were snapping sounds and flashes of flame that split the darkness asunder. The whole drama was unfolded before her—the rum runner sneaking with muffled engine toward shore, the discovery, the flight, the pursuit, and—the shots.

She stood up, balancing precariously as her little craft swayed in the swelling sea. The pursuit was coming toward her, would barely miss her. Good Lord! Were they so busily engaged in firing back at their pursuers that they didn't notice her boat in the way? Why, in another minute—

She twirled the wheel—too late!

Her scream penetrated, through the staccato drum of the engine, to the ears of the steersman. His eyes, which had been turned back over his shoulder, swept the waters before him. His craft swerved, but not in time.

Mimi heard the rasp of crashing timbers, the curses of alarmed men. Then, as she leaped outward, something seemed to strike her in mid-air, and consciousness left her.

A chill, which fought against something that strangled and burned her throat, revived her. She sat up. Around her shoulders was a coarse black jacket. Another lay across her knees. Beneath these her own garments were dripping wet. She brushed at her mouth, and knocked a bottle from Tim's hands.

"O. K.?" he asked. "Say, you gave us a scare. What on earth were you doing?"

Her mind was functioning clearly. She felt a bruise on her forehead, and it throbbed; but her thoughts were coherent.

"Heard that Coast Guard boats and volunteers were waiting for you. Came out—my little boat—crazy—thought I could warn you."

Tim slapped his thigh in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Listen to that, fellers," he cried. "A society doll, and she takes that kind of chance! And that rat Jackson, because we didn't give him landing dough last time, double-crosses us. Well, he's got his—already."

He nodded at Mimi.

"Sure—he was in the boat that was chasing us. Stood in the bows and yelled at us. He went overboard at the first shot, the squealer. Hell, the whole cargo's gone——"

"Where is it?" asked Mimi.

"Here." He pointed vaguely. Mimi saw that they were in a fringe of palms at the edge of a beach. "The boat close to us stopped to pick up Jackson. We grabbed you and blew, and got away from them. But there'll be a dozen others rounding us up in half an hour. Soon's it's light they'll snoop around, locate us—at least, they won't locate *us*. We can walk into Palm Beach—no one can prove this is *our* boat—"

"Why not make a dash for it?" demanded Mimi.

Tim grinned with admiration.

"One gamester, that's you. Naw, we can't do that. They'd shoot and—what's one boat and one cargo? We make plenty profits. Set it down in the red-ink column, that's all. There's other times—other places. The thing now is to make the big getaway. Florida's about played out, anyway—too dangerous, this rum running now down here.

"But say—can you walk? Well, then, let's get away. We're only a coupla miles outa Palm Beach. Say, what a mermaid you are! You were out, cold, when we picked you, but you were swimming, at that. Well, let's go! We'll scatter in town, and—some day I'll ask you to earn the rest of that ten thousand. Meantime——"

His voice stopped suddenly. His right hand dropped to his hip. A report sounded simultaneously with the movement.

*SHE saw pinned upon his shirt a silver badge. "Coast Guard," he said quietly.*

MIMI, agape, looked beyond the fringe of trees. A man, taller, broader than Tim, stood ankle deep in the soft sand. On his gray shirt gleamed, in the first rays of the dawning sun, something silvery.

"That's one prohi officer I got!" cried Tim. "And now I'll finish——"

He took two strides and was out of the trees and on the beach. The man he had shot had sunk to one knee. One hand was clutching at a shoulder from which blood oozed.

"Damn' sneaking spy!" cried Tim. "Watching the land as well as the sea! Well, you can watch the rest of time in——"

With one lithe movement, Mimi separated herself from the group of Tim's followers. Her own .38 was in her hand.

"You shoot—and I will!" she cried.

Tim turned. He looked at the level, steady barrel trained upon him.

"Well, I'll be—" He began to laugh, but the mirth died out of his voice. "Why—you mean it," he said incredulously.

"Go—get away from here," commanded the girl.

"Why, say—he'll recognize us—tell who we are—he'll tell who *you* are." Tim's voice rose.

"And because of that I am to permit murder?" The girl's voice was scornful. "If one of you makes a move toward me—or him—I'll fire."

Slowly the man who knelt upon one knee toppled over. His face was hidden in the sand. The girl walked slowly toward him.

"Go on, Tim—and the rest of you. You'll have plenty of time to get away."

The rum runner looked at her a moment. "Well, women are over my head," he said. "But it's everyone for himself, and—if you want to stick yourself inside a jail—go to it. Come on, fellers."

Six heavy bodies crumpled through the jungly growth. The sand rose in little clouds behind them as they headed for the County Road and freedom.

Mimi dropped her gun and knelt beside the fallen man. She turned him over on his back, and his eyes opened. His lips parted in a grin that was almost mischievous.

"Not quite — so — frank—this afternoon as—you seemed, eh? But that's all right. You—were out—for an early morning walk—couldn't sleep. Any story—will do. You came upon the bootleggers, saw them shoot me—that's all you know. It's all I know. It's all—anyone knows."

His eyes closed and his face paled. But the girl knew that his injury was not fatal. Such superb health as his magnificent body enfolded could not be dissipated by a bullet through the shoulder.

A gentleman who paid his debts. This afternoon, when he accosted her outside Jackson's house, she had thought him a cut above his profession. Now she knew. For he paid his debts. She'd saved his life, and he'd save her liberty, her good name.

Would Tim, to whom she was still bound, ever make demand for repayment, for further service? That didn't matter now. All that counted now was this wounded man's safety.

She fired five times in the air. That would bring help. And while she waited for it she began bandaging his wounded shoulder.

No man had ever stirred her before. This man stirred her now.

THE END

*A new episode in the adventures of Mimi Millard, written by Arthur Somers Roche, will appear in an early issue of Liberty.*

# THE GIFT OF GIFTS

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LA TAUSCA PEARLS, the world's most beautiful necklaces. These exquisite gems faithfully and lovingly reproduce the most subtle charm and priceless beauty of the pearl—the birth stone for June.

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No. 198

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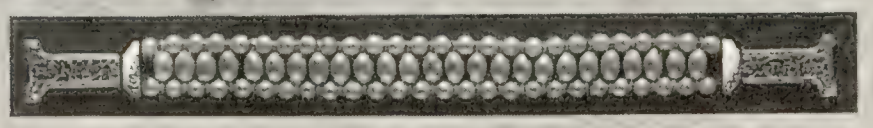

Something extremely new—beautiful extension watch bracelet of La Tausca pearls, 3 strand as illustrated. **Price $4.50**

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No. 1/6.
La Mademoiselle Necklace of La Tausca Pearls faithfully reproduced renowned Parisian styles peculiarly suitable to the modes of the debutante, 10Kt. white gold clasp, diamond set, presented in leatherette gift case.

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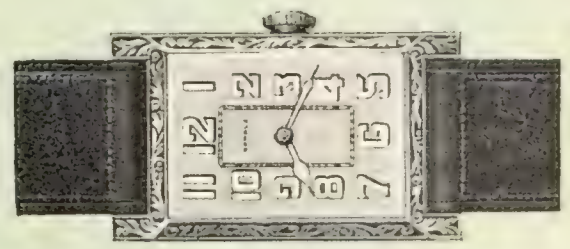

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# BENRUS

## *The* STRAP WATCH *of* SPORTSMEN

# A Romantic Drama *and* Two Farces

*Reviews of the Latest Movies by* ALVA TAYLOR

## THAT'S MY BABY

Directed by William Beaudine — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Alan Boyd* | *Douglas MacLean* |
| *Helen Raynor* | *Margaret Morris* |
| *John Raynor* | *Claude Gillingwater* |
| *Mrs. John Raynor* | *Eugenie Forde* |
| *Schuyler Van Loon* | *Richard Tucker* |
| *The Baby* | *Harry Earles* |

DOUGLAS MACLEAN is another of the shining lights in the light-comedy division of moving pictures (see third column on Reginald Denny on this page for the other one). But Doug was handed something of a lemon in the way of a scenario this time, and so I can't conscientiously recommend That's My Baby to the movie public in general without making the reservation that if the comic faces and antics of one Douglas MacLean mean so much to you that you would watch him doing nothing more hilarious than setting-up exercises, then, of course, you will go to this picture. Otherwise you will seek out something more worthy of your fifty cents, or whatever you pay at your favorite movie house.

Margaret Morris

Not that That's My Baby hasn't a little more to it than would an hour or so of setting-up exercises. But, gosh! when you get down to facts, it's a pretty stupid story, getting its comic effects not from possible human events, as does the Reginald Denny picture (please again refer to third column on this page), but from utterly absurd and improbable goings on, slightly slapstick, and not funny enough to overcome the lack of sense in the picture (if you get what I mean).

Douglas MacLean starts out in this comedy in the good old role of woman-hater.

He has been turned down just as he is about to leave his bachelor apartment for the altar.

On his way out for a stroll to forget all women, he meets a charming young lady (Margaret Morris) who makes him forget all his resolutions.

He is once more in love.

Unwittingly he has picked out the daughter of the one man in business who would like to see him annihilated. Therefore papa isn't interested in him as a son-in-law. And mother wants Helen to marry Schuyler Van Loon, society ace. Therefore she isn't interested in Alan as a son-in-law.

Douglas MacLean

When Helen sees Alan at the Charity Bazaar (where all the action takes place) with a baby in his arms, and is told by Alan's rival that it's his baby, she isn't interested in having him for a husband. For how did she know that someone handed Alan the baby and told him to hang on to it until its mother came for it?

Well, as I suggested above, this picture is all right for Douglas MacLean fans. But for everyone else there are far better things to be seen in the flickering light of the silver screen.

## THE VOLGA BOATMAN

Directed by Cecil B. de Mille
A Producers' Distributing Corporation Picture

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Feodor, a Volga Boatman* | *William Boyd* |
| *Vera, a Princess of Russia* | *Elinor Fair* |
| *Prince Nikita, her father* | *Robert Edeson* |
| *Prince Dimitri* | *Victor Varconi* |
| *Mariusha* | *Julia Faye* |
| *Stephan* | *Theodore Kosloff* |

IF you've ever been under the impression that the Volga boatmen were something like the Venetian gondoliers, and that the song they sang was on the order of a serenade, you can't do better to correct your impression than to go to Cecil de Mille's latest picture, The Volga Boatman. For, no matter how little an idea this picture gives of the Russian Revolution, which is the background of the movie, it does give a vivid and marvelously illuminating picture of the back-breaking, soul-wearying labor of the Volga boatmen, who, harnessed like animals, pulled the heavy barges down the long, long miles of the Volga River.

Volga Boatmen at Their Work

The Song of the Volga Boatmen, a stirring piece of Russian folk music, pulses through this picture, giving it meaning and unison. You will see the Volga boatmen singing as they strain at the harness, singing to keep up their spirits, to make them less conscious of the leather that cuts into their skin.

And the love story of the Volga boatman Feodor, who became one of the leaders of the red army, and the Princess Vera, white-skinned aristocrat, is full of dramatic thrills and romance. In fact you will find the background purely a background, and so if you are not one to enjoy a historical movie, you can count on not being bothered by facts in this picture.

I won't go into the story. It's slightly incredible in spots, but thoroughly interesting throughout. Besides the Volga boatman and the Princess, there is a Prince who also loves the Princess. And there is a Tartar girl, and a dumb blacksmith played by Theodore Kosloff.

There are any number of gripping situations that will appeal to those in the audience romantically inclined. They are often theatrical and obvious, but, like all good theatrical effects, they serve the purpose of thrilling the spectator.

William Boyd and Elinor Fair are very attractive, and contribute mightily to the success of the picture.

## SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT

Directed by William Seiter — A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Skinner* | *Reginald Denny* |
| *Honey* | *Laura La Plante* |
| *Perkins* | *Ben Hendricks, Jr.* |
| *McLaughlin* | *E. J. Ratcliffe* |
| *Tommy* | *Arthur Lake* |
| *Mrs. Colby* | *Hedda Hopper* |

WHY, Reginald Denny, who would have thought that you would be able to put over a Charleston like that! Atta boy, Reggie! You're a great little comedian, and you can Charleston as well as you can box, and you're all right. They can keep right on serving you up on the silver screen, and this movie fan will keep right on going to see you.

And anyone who doesn't feel that way about Reginald Denny just hasn't got on to the fact yet that he's one of the most talented light comedians on the screen today.

Laura La Plante

Reginald's latest comedy, Skinner's Dress Suit, is not so hilarious a bit of movie material as What Happened to Jones. But it's awfully funny, and gives Denny plenty of opportunity to be his charmingly silly light-comedy self. Laura La Plante, that most up and coming little blonde, helps out Mr. Denny in this picture, and also proves herself a Charleston expert.

The story all goes to show that if you buy a full dress suit on the installment plan, and blow yourself to a few dancing lessons, and are generally good at the grand and glorious game of business man's bluff, then society and big business barriers will crumble at your approach.

Anyway, that's what happened to the Skinners, and it makes a good picture. So, even if you're too cautious yourself to put all your income into monthly payments on new furniture and dress suits, you'll enjoy watching the adventures of the Skinners in the credit world.

Skinner was a commuter. He was cashier in the firm of Perkins & McLaughlin. Honey, Skinner's wife, thought hubby ought to get a raise, and, being a husband worshiper, she thought he should tell his firm that, considering his worth, he should have more money. And hubby, not daring to disappoint Honey, told her that from henceforth his salary was to be ten dollars more a week.

Reginald Denny

Honey proceeded to spend the increase for the next year in a few days. She took it from the savings bank. Part of it went into the dress suit that made Skinner's fortune. Some of it went into learning the Charleston, which also helped to make Skinner's fortune, since it made the Skinners shining lights in the suburban social set.

How this all came to pass is highly entertaining comedy, which I recommend for your delectation and delight.

# Liberty's Patriotic Game of States

## $25,000 in Prizes

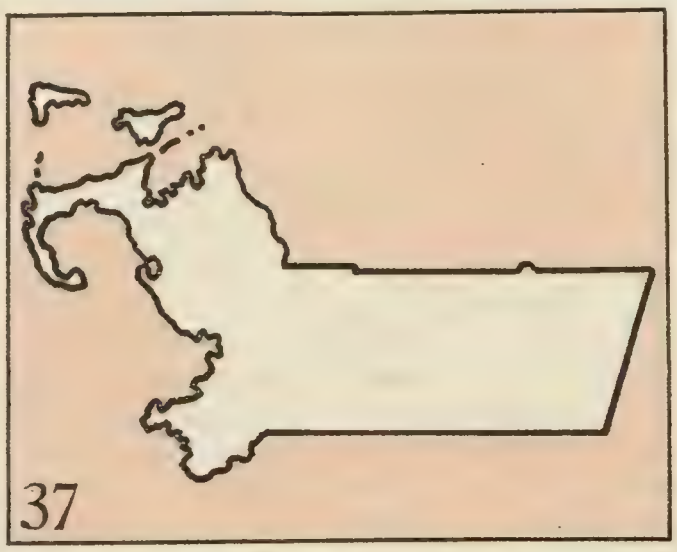
### Fun and Education for the Whole Family

THIS wonderful contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl. It does not matter who you are or where you live. Every member of the family can enter.

Look at the big list of prizes and then go after them. It costs nothing and it's easy.

All you have to do is to examine the outline maps carefully and guess the names of the States they represent. Under each map are printed interesting facts of geography, industry, and history to help you solve the puzzle. You will learn important facts about the United States while playing a fascinating game for large prizes.

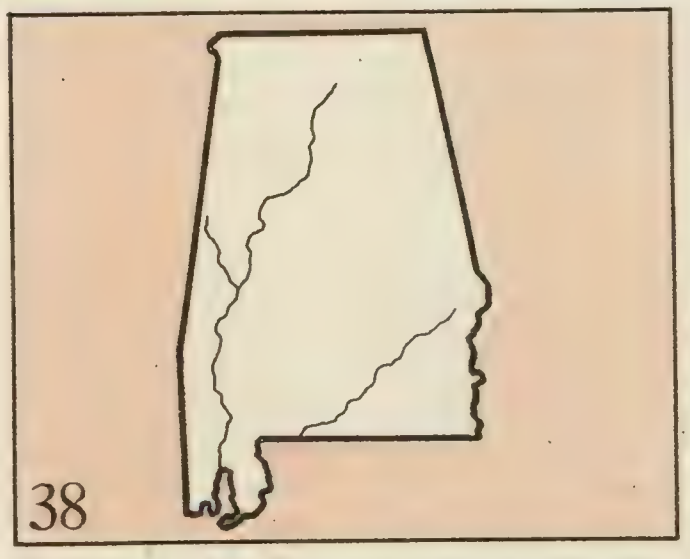
Be sure to read the rules carefully. They will tell you what to do. Another set of maps will be printed in Liberty next week.




Second in density of population, this State is one of the world's greatest manufacturing districts. Its largest city is the country's greatest fishing port. It has given the Union two Presidents—the second and sixth.

**Name of State**.....
(Write Name of State Here)

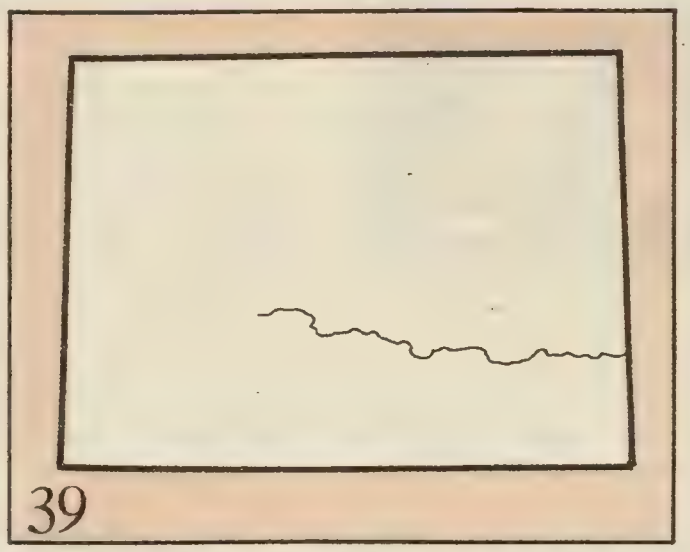
**Name of Capital**.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 10




This State was first explored by De Soto in 1539. Situated in the heart of the cotton belt, its noted school for negroes was founded by Booker T. Washington. Famous Federal nitrate works were built here during the World War.

**Name of State**.....
(Write Name of State Here)

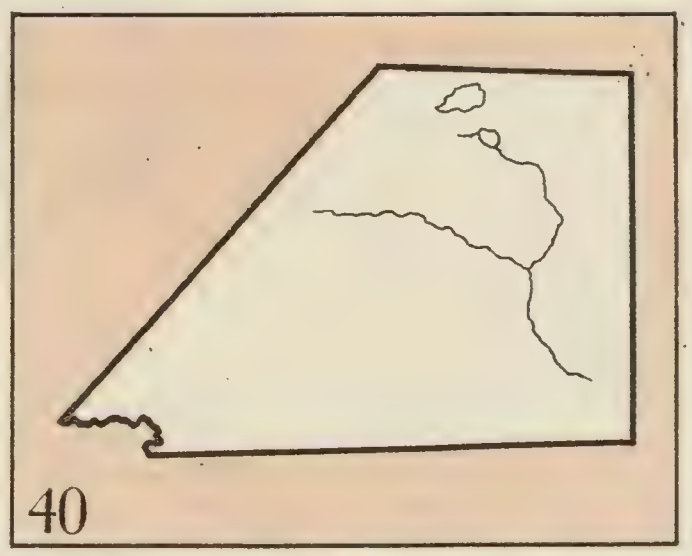
**Name of Capital**.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 10




River systems in this most mountainous of the States start its waters toward a Pacific and an Atlantic gulf. Its labor troubles have several times threatened civil war. Second in gold, its chief city is a mile above the sea.

**Name of State**.....
(Write Name of State Here)

**Name of Capital**.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 10




Lowest in population, this State, with a name meaning "snow-clad" in Spanish, ranks third in silver output. Francisco Garces was the first white man to cross its boundaries. A feature of its surface is its "mud lakes."

**Name of State**.....
(Write Name of State Here)

**Name of Capital**.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 10

### To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography and History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools. So when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

### RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody —men, women, boys, and girls —except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4 You pay nothing. Just prove your skill. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No preference will be given on account of elaborate treatment.

5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant

### PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $5,000 |
| 2nd Prize | 1,000 |
| 3rd Prize | 500 |
| 4th Prize | 250 |
| 5th Prize | 200 |
| Next 80 Prizes at $25 | 2,000 |
| Next 1355 Prizes at $10 | 13,550 |
| 10 Prizes to teachers at $250 | 2,500 |
| 1450 Prizes, totaling | $25,000 |

ANOTHER SET OF MAPS
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

**Liberty**

# MORE PRIZE WINNERS *in* LIBERTY'S $25,000 Presidents Game

## *Second Award of $1,000 Goes to 11-Year-Old Schoolboy in Kansas City, Mo.*

WILLIAM E. ZIMMERMAN of 5421 Holmes Street, Kansas City, Mo., has been awarded the second prize of $1,000 in Liberty's Patriotic Game of Presidents. He is eleven years old and a pupil in the sixth grade of William R. Nelson School at Kansas City.

Young Zimmerman complied with all the rules of the game and his contribution was submitted in the form of an improvised book made of white cardboard and bound with red, white, and blue ribbon. He said he became interested in the game through selling Libertys in his neighborhood and intends to invest the money in building and loan certificates to help pay his way through college. Although William is one of the Liberty boy salesmen, he is eligible for the award, since these boys are not in any sense employes of Liberty. His offering won on its merits, as the judges were unaware William sold Liberty until after the award was made.

The prize winner's teacher is Miss Edna Marsh, who receives a prize of $250 as one of the ten teachers whose pupils made the best showing in the contest.

### TEN TEACHERS AWARDED $250 EACH and their prize pupils

**MISS EDNA MARSH, William R. Nelson School, Kansas City, Mo.**
Pupil—William E. Zimmerman ($1,000 prize)

**SISTER CONSTANTIA, Holy Family School, Union City, N. J.**
Pupil—Charles A. Donald ($25 prize)

**SISTER MARY JULIANA, St. Vincent's Academy, Kansas City, Mo.**
Pupil—Kenneth Bredel ($10 prize)

**MISS BESSIE E. McCLUGGAGE, Laurel School, Hollywood, Calif.**
Pupil—Richard Duggan ($10 prize)

**MISS MARGARET FANNIN, Central High School, Springfield, Mass.**
Pupil—Julia P. Griffin ($10 prize)

**J. E. BUCHANAN, New Albany City School, New Albany, Miss.**
Pupil—Paul Jones ($10 prize)

**MISS RUTH ABBRIEHL, Leavenworth High School, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.**
Pupil—Mabel Ponder ($10 prize)

**MISS E. L. SAVAGE, Junior High School, West Orange, N. J.**
Pupil—Charles Reinhardt, Jr. ($10 prize)

**MISS ALICE F. MINALL, Morrisville Grade School, Morrisville, Vt.**
Pupil—Roberta Stafford ($10 prize)

**SISTER M. TERESA, St. Mary's Academy, Dunkirk, N. Y.**
Pupil—Mark P. Stumpf ($10 prize)

## $10 Prize Winners

### NEW YORK

#### City of New York

**Manhattan**—William C. Stansfield, Earle Le Ohr, Irving Roth, Charles E. Gittens, H. B. Fairbanks, Charles E. Simpson, Frances Nance, Elise Amelia Viney, Irving A. Isaacs, Diane Mitchell, Carlton E. Brown, Edw. L. Allen, John Lewis Anderson, Edward W. Farren, Curtis E. Koehler, Mrs. Mary T. Prehn, F. N. Cantamessner, Lieut. Benjamin W. Petton, Bertha Riley, Mary Holloway Wilson, Joel Schechter, Claire C. Arnold, Gustav Belmont, S. C. B. Hall, Mrs. Morton Baehr, Charles Spanbauer, Abram Zeitlin, Janet Brown, Walter Sohan, Lillian E. Bertsch, Alexander Pavlak, Raphael Wolff, Mrs. Mary Sweeney, Emma K. Hamilton, Mrs. Mary E. Marshall, Jeanne Baux, Lora F. Dorsey, Joseph Fritz, Ella L. Kyle, Max S. Peyer, William H. Brown, Vera M. Babcock, Sarah Spring, C. H. Bateman, Edgar F. Camas, Elizabeth Holden, M. Scovell Martin, Howard M. Jacobs, Astrid Peters, Marcel Kovarsky, Mrs. A. W. Allan, Grace Privitera, Mrs. Alma Juslin, George Michalowski, Edwina B. Merker, Benjamin Biss, Louine C. Brown, Mrs. George Bland, Mrs. A. S. Anderson, Charles H. Lench, Patricia Salvator, Florence L. H. Finlayson, Paul W. Charton, G. F. Pyne, Elizabeth M. Carlisle, Mrs. Cathrine Hrabkovsky, Lincoln Cromwell, A. F. Fales, Mary C. Fallon, Marcelo Sola.

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**Bronx**—Frank P. Govoni, Alice R. Kramer, Florence O'Keeffe, Stuart A. Hendrick, Mrs. F. Binninget, Rudolph Charles Bell, Mrs. Nicholas Alessi, Isador and Morris Hochberg, George Marx, Arthur Kramer, Catherine Aquino.

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Maria D. Stouffer, Flushing; Arthur C. Settan, Queens Village; Martha L. Wittman, Elmhurst; Carroll T. Hulburt, Woodhaven; Harry Sinnott, Far Rockaway; Joseph Kudner, Long Island City; William M. Huntington, Jamaica.

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### FRANCE

Dorothea McVickar, Paris.

### CANAL ZONE

Kathleen McGuigan, Balboa Heights.

### HAWAII

Numa A. Watson, Honolulu; First Lieut. Harry L. Coates, Hawaii.

### CUBA

A. Cima, Havana.

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Georgia W. Emmel, R. O. Gunderson, Margaret H. Kane, Mrs. Robert M. Kippen, Laura M. MacCarthy, Etta G. Morisse, Albert G. Newstrand, Genevieve O'Brien, Franklin J. Rudeen, Mrs. F. R. Sheldon, John R. Taylor—All of St. Paul.

G. S. Bacon, Balaton; Andrew Lemberg, Duluth; Frances McLaughlin, Duluth; Manley C. and Eva S. Marcellus, Duluth; Mrs. Walter G. Millford, Glencoe; Mrs. N. R. Olson, Glenwood; Mrs. O. C. Ostroot, Windom; James Pedersen, Le Sueur; Mrs. Frank Redfield, Jr., Cloquet; Mrs. M. G. Risser, Winona; Mrs. S. D. Snyder, Jackson; Wallace H. Stone, Lakefield; Edith Vandegrift, Faribault.

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Harry B. Bahr, Waterloo; Arthur E. Baker, Cedar Rapids; Joseph A. Braun, Burlington; Josephine S. Cable, Waterloo; Mrs. Chas. W. Cavanaugh, Grinnell; Paul J. Gronemeyer, Odebolt; Mrs. Code L. Hammer, Iowa City; Laura M. Hoke, Ames; Mrs. F. H. Huelsman, Dubuque; Mrs. Maggie Jenkins, Springville; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor; Paul Krizsan, Davenport; Hazel McCabe, Fairfield; Verda McLaughlin, Cedar Falls; Mrs. George Moore, Hawarden; Mrs. Harriett E. Norton, Cedar Rapids; Harry O'Donnell, Melcher; Jas. R. Phillips, Cedar Rapids; Mrs. A. J. Rockwell, Clarion; Frances Jane Ryder, Dubuque; Wynn La Grange, Storm Lake.

### FLORIDA

W. F. Brickman, Orlando; M. E. Cone, Plant City; George L. Davis, Pensacola;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Delta
## ELECTRIC LANTERN

$2.75

## Powerful—Long Burning

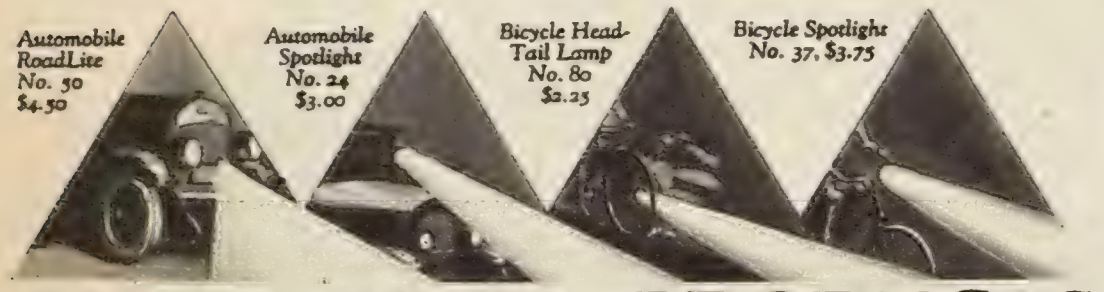
### —a splendid lamp for your home, camp or cottage

King of portable lights—a big, fat, good natured *electric* lantern. The Delta burns for hours at a stretch and month after month without new batteries. It projects a light that *is* a light—not a flash light—but a great, bright, 300 foot shaft. And proud? It stands erect in its sturdy steel jacket—7½ inches high—with a vivid red finish of durable baked enamel for all the world to admire.

You cottagers and campers who are weary of fussing with wicks and chimneys and oil, and poor, flickering light—use this lantern. It is safer, brighter, trouble-free and positively more economical.

The price is only $2.75 without batteries (two ordinary No. 6 dry cells). West of Rockies slightly higher. Insist on a *genuine* Delta. We will gladly send descriptive literature. And if your dealer is out of this remarkable lantern just write us.

**DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY**
**501 Delta Block Marion, Indiana**




OTHER DELTA PRODUCTS


[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

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Alice Lee, Brigham City; B. Y. Andelin, Richfield.

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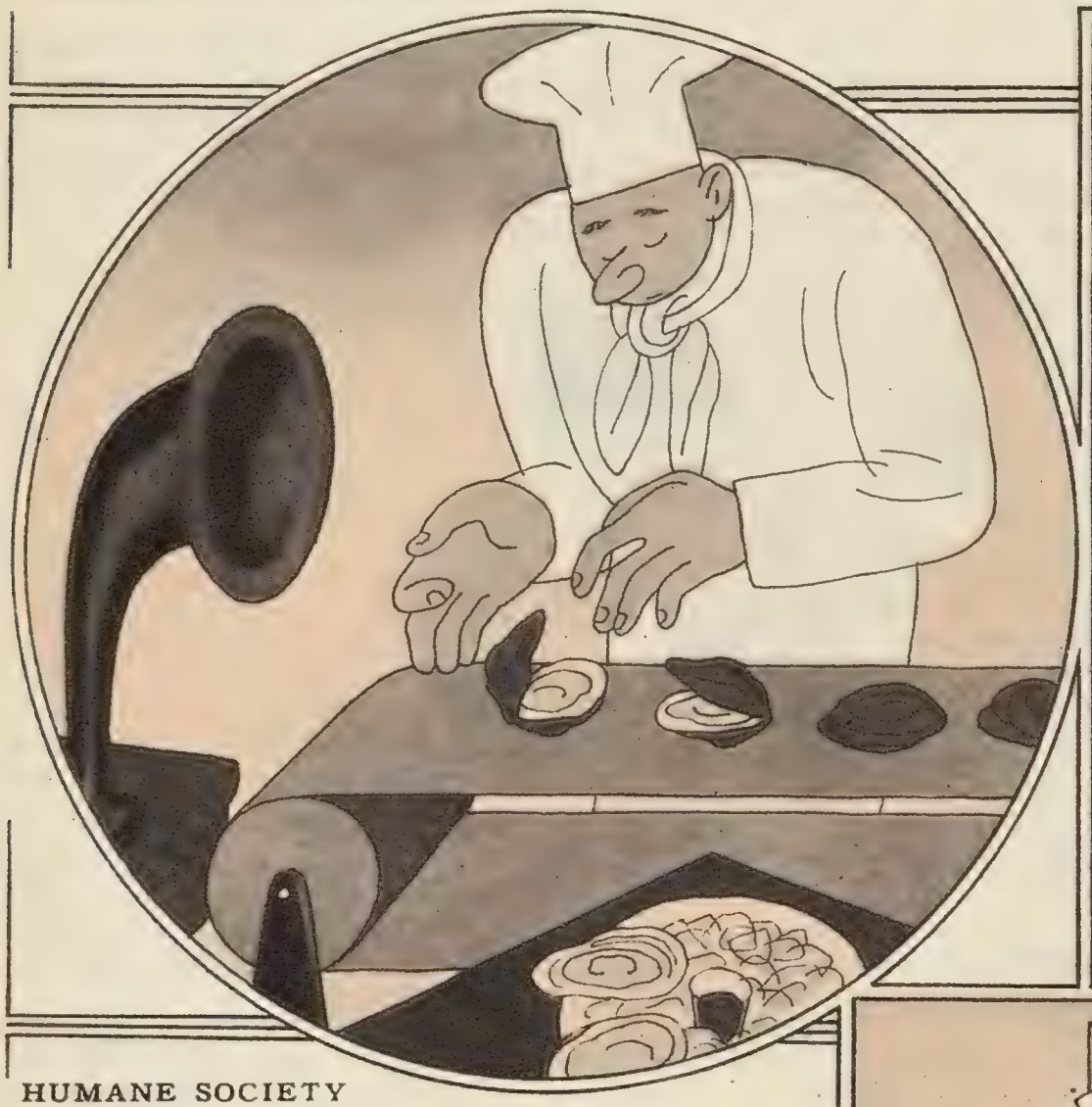
*The names of the third, fourth, and fifth prize winners and another group of $10 winners will be published in next week's issue of Liberty.*

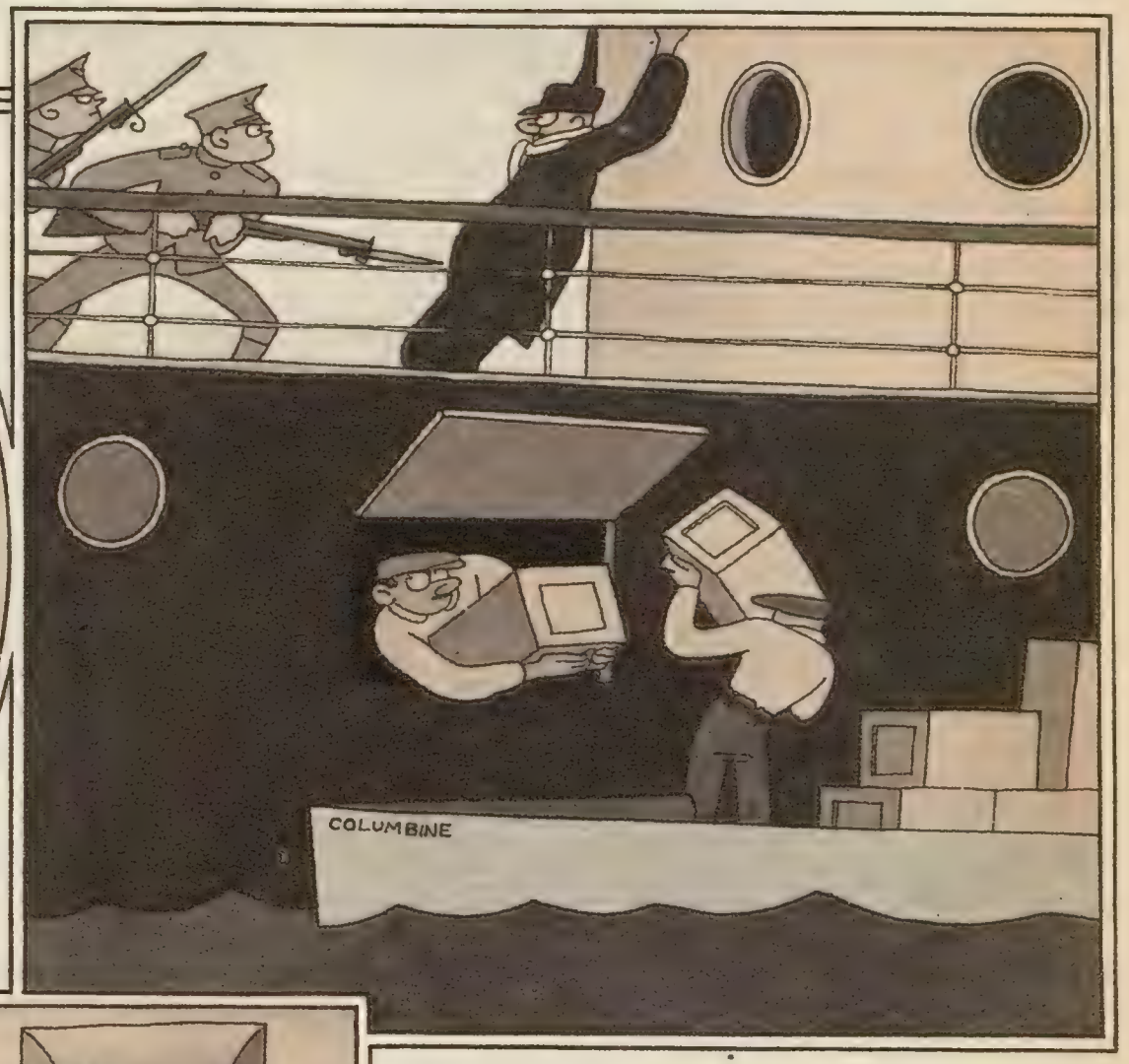
GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



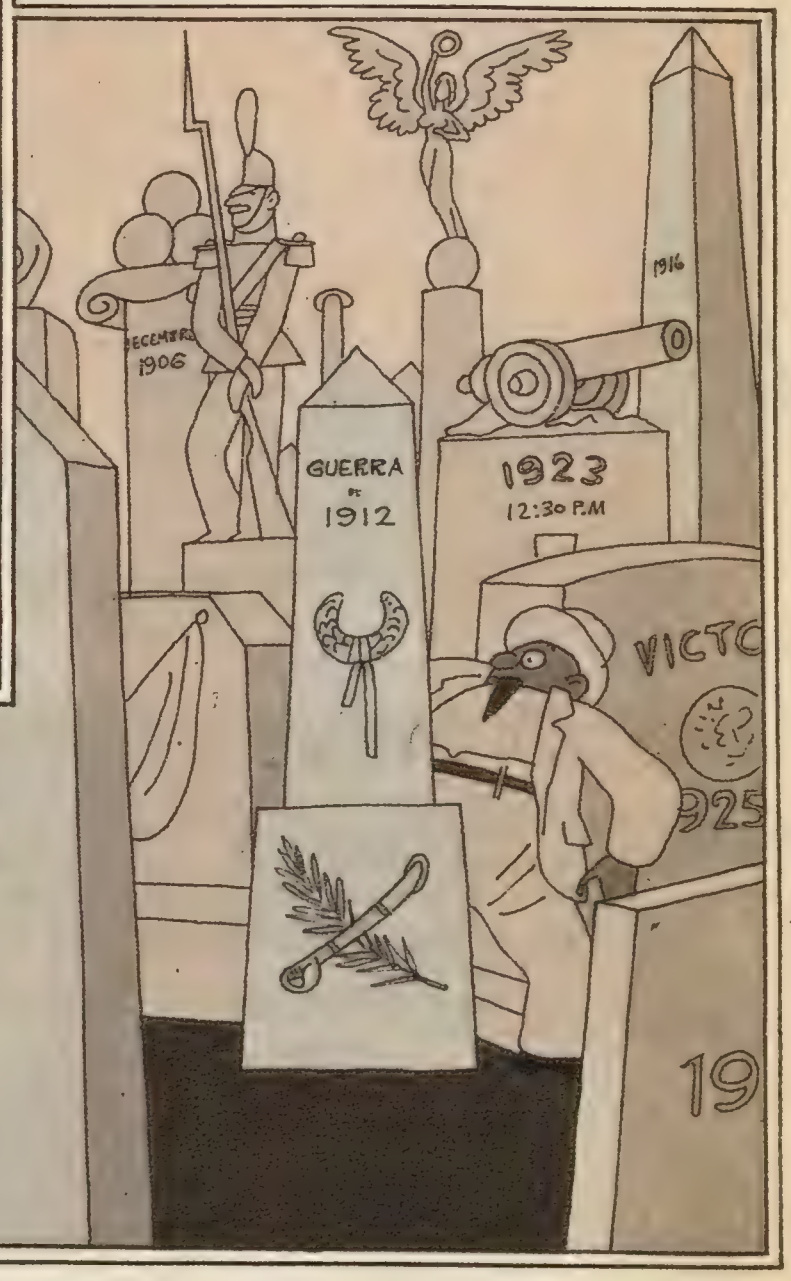
HUMANE SOCIETY DISCOVERS PAINLESS METHOD of opening oysters. Succulent bivalves are caught in the act of yawning as they are submitted to Bedtime Stories on the radio.




MORE UNSUNG HEROES OF THE DEEP: Red-Neck Murphy, captain of the speed boat Columbine, effects, single handed, the rescue of twelve cases of Scotch when the yacht Rover sent out an S O S.

DIRECT-BY-MAIL ADVERTISING INCINERATOR is tried out in the sorting room of the Post Office in Washington. It is estimated that the device will save recipients of such matter millions annually in wear and tear on waste-baskets.

LARGE DELEGATION OF THE UNITED PICKLE BENDERS' ASSOCIATION visits the cathedral towns of Europe in a body, with the intention of impressing the Old World with the association's high ideals and dignity




THE WAR MEMORIAL FEVER HITS CENTRAL AMERICA. Scene in the main square of a Latin-American capital, showing a few of the statues that have been erected to commemorate various wars.

# Strawberry Shortcake As Mother Made It

*By* ETHEL SOMERS

ALMOST every family has its favorite type of Strawberry Shortcake, and there are many varieties. In our hope that you too may have the kind that mother used to make, we worked out Strawberry Shortcakes *ad infinitum*. If you scan closely we are sure you will find your favorite among these.

They vary, you will find, from the enriched biscuit dough to the Ice Cream Shortcake de Luxe, a true springtime fantasy. Find your family's favorite and serve it often while the berry season is on.

## *Standard Strawberry Shortcake*

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter, lard, or vegetable fat
¾ to 1 cup milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients until light and well blended. Work in the fat with a pastry-mixer, two knives, or a fork. Take care not to manipulate the tools in such a manner as to pack the dough. When the fat is in granules as fine as corn meal, add the milk, mixing it in lightly and with as little stirring as possible. (For rolled-out shortcake use the smaller quantity of milk; for drop shortcake use the larger quantity of milk.) Handle as little as possible, patting or rolling to a half-inch thickness or dropping into greased muffin pans if the cupful of milk is used.

Cut the rolled type into rounds for individual cakes or into two large rounds for family size. Butter the tops of the biscuit, and place two of them, one on top of the other to form a shortcake, on a greased pan. Bake in a hot oven (475° F.) for from twelve to fifteen minutes. Remove from the oven; split, butter, and serve hot with crushed sweetened berries and cream if desired.

*Sweet-Biscuit Shortcake* may be made as for Standard Strawberry Shortcake, except that from two to four tablespoons of sugar is added to the dry ingredients and one well-beaten egg to the milk.

## *Delicate Shortcake*

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
⅛ cup cream or rich milk

MIX as for Standard Strawberry Shortcake. Add well-beaten eggs to the milk before stirring it into dry mixture. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

*Amateur's Shortcake.* Prepare Standard Shortcake, using the one-cup proportion of milk and dropping the lightly mixed dough into greased muffin pans; or prepare the Delicate Shortcake and drop in lumps rather than rolling or patting it out as directed in the recipe.

## *Mock-Sponge Shortcake*

3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder
2 cups flour
½ cup cold water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon vanilla

BEAT the egg yolks thoroughly. Gradually beat in half the sugar, using a mechanical egg-beater. Add the cold water and vanilla. Beat the egg whites until frothy, add the salt, and beat stiff. Cut and fold the remaining sugar into the egg white, mixing as little and as lightly as possible with a wire egg whisk. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder several times. Gradually sift this thrice sifted flour into the egg-yolk mixture, alternating each addition of the dry ingredients with an addition of the egg-white mixture. Mix these in by cutting and folding with an egg whisk or spatula.

Grease a shallow cake pan and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for twenty-five minutes. Remove from the oven, turn the pan upside down, and let the cake hang therein on a cake-cooler rack.

*Drop Shortcake may be successfully made by even the amateur.*

*Dressed with crushed sweetened berries and whipped cream.*

## *Sponge Shortcake*

6 egg whites
6 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
2½ tablespoons water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup pastry flour
1 cup sugar

BEAT the egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in half the sugar, using a mechanical egg-beater. Add the water and vanilla. Beat the whites until frothy, add the salt, and beat until stiff. Cut and fold the remaining sugar into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift the flour three times and sift it into the egg-yolk mixture, alternating each addition with an addition of the egg-white mixture, with as little stirring as possible.

Pour into a sheet pan (not greased) and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for from twenty to thirty minutes. Invert the cake and suspend it so that it will hang upside down on a cake rack to cool. *Do not use until* the next day.

## *Angel-Food Used as Shortcake*

1 cup egg whites (8 eggs)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup pastry flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond, if desired

THE eggs should be cold and fresh. Beat the whites until frothy, add the cream of tartar, and beat until stiff and dry. Sift the sugar, which should be fine-grained, four or five times. Gradually sift and fold it into the beaten egg whites, stirring as little as possible. Sift the flour three or four times. Then slowly sift and fold it into the egg-white mixture, with a stretching-up rather than a cutting-down motion. Make every stroke count. Add the flavoring with the last bit of flour. Turn into an ungreased shallow cakepan.

Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Allow to cool, inverted in the pan, before removing it. Keep in a covered metal box at least a day before using.

## *White Butter-Cake Shortcake*

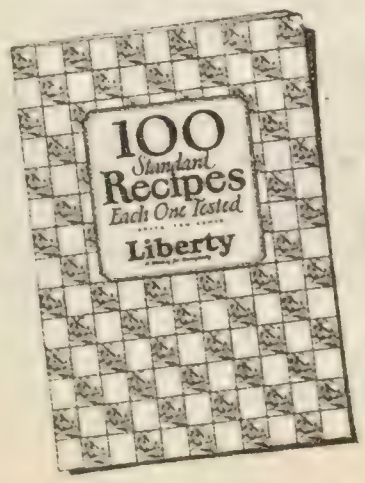
| I | II |
|---|---|
| ⅓ cup butter | ½ cup butter |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 cup sugar |
| 2 cups flour | 2 cups flour |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| ½ teaspoon salt | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| ⅔ cup milk | ½ cup milk |
| ½ teaspoon vanilla | ½ teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 egg whites | 3 egg whites |

CREAM the butter well. *Gradually* work in the sugar. Beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times. Sift a small quantity into the creamed butter and sugar mixture. Add a little milk. Alternate the addition of these, and beat them thoroughly into the dough, being careful not to add so much milk at any one time that the butter separates from the dough in curdles.

Beat the cake mixture for several minutes (recipe I is sufficiently beaten after two minutes and recipe II after three minutes). Carefully fold in the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites, cutting these in with as little mixing as possible.

Put into greased, lightly floured layer-cake pans and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for from twenty to twenty-five minutes. When the layers are well browned remove from pans and cool on a cake rack.

Liberty's COOK BOOK Ends Menu Worries!

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5-29-26

# Simplicity Rules *in* Paris Designs

*By*

Mary Brush Williams

ONCE, when I was in a big dressmaking establishment of Paris, the Queen of Spain came in and made a terrible fuss because the Prince of Wales was expected to visit her in Madrid and she didn't have anything to wear. I thought at the time if she would just mention that her hair had been washed and she couldn't do a thing with it, she would be like any other woman, even though she was a queen. The reason she was going to be without anything to wear was because she had placed an order for a dress some six weeks previously, and it had not come in from being embroidered by hand in the elaborate, shaded pattern of the model.

I could sympathize with the Queen, for in that very epoch of the world's history I had placed an order for a similarly elaborate dress, and made a round trip to America without getting it. On my return to Paris I received a notice to come round and try it on. The house did not know I had been away, and it took up my dress when, in the natural course of events, the material came back from the home of the middle-class woman who wove delicate patterns of embroidery on dresses to help save up money for her daughter's *dot*. You got impatient with her for taking such a long time about her work until you looked at it, and then you wondered how she ever got it done at all, so minute it was and elaborate and fine.

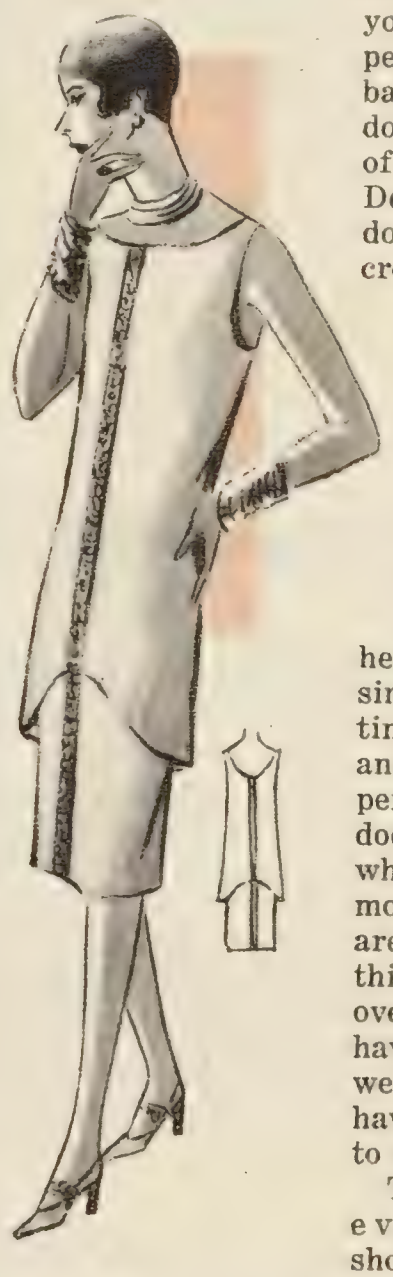
But it looked like a White City in its glittering intricacies, and we laid it to its last rest, along with the day that it represented. Manufacturers are making materials elaborate now, like the embroideries of old, but dressmakers are designing frocks to be simple.

Let's see. This makes the third of the very fundamental changes in styles we have noted recently, the other two being that it is the thing to dress prettily and becomingly rather than in the harsh terms of yesteryear, and to array yourself like neither a flapper nor a vampire, but to try to take on the contours and the manners of a healthy, normal young woman with a sweet disposition, whether you have one or not.

*EVENING cape in three layers of orange net, shading from a pale to a deep color, with small embroidered collar. Chantal.*

*EVENING coat of bright emerald velvet, cut almost like a smock, with tie and yoke binding of silver braid, and small rolled collar. Lanvin.*

*EVENING frock of white crepe Roma with bands of black sequins. One band hangs loose from the shoulders. Lanvin.*



*WHITE satin evening dress with band of gold sequins down the front and back. Vionnet.*

Simplicity is the keynote for dressing today. Yes, yes, I know that you have already heard this; but here are models from the last collections to corroborate the point. Of course every house has to carry a few of those old last year's birds' nests, because there is a type of woman who will never feel dressed up unless she shines and is elaborate. But the big idea today is to look as if your clothes came easy and you didn't care and you had a personality that was quite separate from them and that you chirked up your clothes instead of their helping you along.

The evening coat by Lanvin looks like the smock we use for work. Only we don't favor bright green velvet for office wear, to run the switchboard in, etc. Note the yoke, which comes far down on the sleeves. The necktie and the binding of this yoke are of silver braid. And a fashion item of the day is the prevalence of small collars, even for evening clothes, succeeding as they do the enormously big ones like muffs.

Lanvin, for all that she is one of the grand inventors of the elaborate dress and always has one or two around the establishment, is the high priestess of the simple style. Here is a frock in that manner, which at the same time has a touch of the sparkle and the handwork about it to let you know it is expensive. Those bands and that loop down the back are of black sequins. Decorating as they do a dress of white crepe Roma, they are effective indeed.

Come to think of it, if I were picking one high priestess of simplicity above all others, it would be Vionnet, and here she is at her simplest — so distinct unto herself and such a separate personality that she does not influence what is called the mode. Her backs are flat. Everything is smooth over the hips. We have said, haven't we, that you must have perfect hips to wear Vionnet?

The white satin evening dress shown here depends on a band of gold sequins down the front and the back for its trimming. The evening cape by Chantal is the embodiment of simplicity. It consists of three layers of net in three tones of orange. Two of the layers are sewn together and one is thrown over them. It looks so summery for the watering places, you know, yet gives just about the right amount of protection over a filmy gown on a July or August evening.

# Seasonable Dresses Easily Made *from* Patricia Patterns

*By* PATRICIA

YOU will find it easy to select a design for your vacation frock from this attractive showing of the newest Parisian models.

An adorable dress for a junior, fashioned of flesh colored crepe de Chine, is expressed in design No. 2573. It is smart, practical, and economical; will give unending wear and launder beautifully. The pattern is furnished in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. The 8-year size requires only two yards of 40-inch material.

A correct tailleur for street, business, or sports, made of navy blue crepe silk printed with two shades of red, is shown in design No. 2667. The collar, tie, and sash are made of navy blue plain crepe. Made of apricot-pink crepe Roma it is simply exquisite. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, trimmed with ¼ yard of 22-inch contrasting, 4¼ yards of ribbon, and 1¾ yards of binding.

Plain flat crepe in a lovely shade of Mary blue is used for design No. 2662. Its superbly smart scarf collar is made of grosgrain ribbon in a darker shade of Mary blue. Crepe Elizabeth in almond green, orchid rajah silk, printed voile, and black taffeta are smart, too, for its development. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, with 1½ yards of 3¼-inch ribbon.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

A popular model for sports, shown in design No. 2701, employs Chinese damask in Nile green shade, with crisp taffeta for its collar and tie scarf. The pattern for this charming frock may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Flat silk, crepe de Chine, pongee, cotton voile, georgette crepe, and crepe Roma are appropriate for the simple and smart design No. 2705. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material.

A cunning little pantee dress for girls of 2, 4, 6, and 8 years is shown in design No. 2504. It cuts entirely in one piece. The little French girl is wearing this style, fashioned of bois de rose crepe de Chine for best. For strenuous play, in the country or at the beach, white linen is used for the dress, with printed linen in orange and blue for the pantees and trimming, striped percale, tiny check in either pale blue or pink gingham, and natural-colored pongee with a small red polka-dot. The 4-year size requires 1¼ yards of 27-inch plain material, with ⅞ yard of 40-inch contrasting for trimming.

# My Tie *with* Ray *and* Vardon

## *A Young American's Cold Nerve Stems the British Golf Invasion*

By

FRANCIS OUIMET

AMERICA was invaded in 1913 by two of the finest golf players in the history of the game—Harry Vardon and Ted Ray of England. The pick of America's stars—professional and amateur—was marshaled to meet them in an open championship at Brookline.

Francis Ouimet, not yet twenty years old, was persuaded to enter, although he had little hope of shining in that brilliant field and none at all of winning.

One by one the home players fell before the splendid play of the invaders until, with but one round left to play, Ouimet alone stood a chance. He was tied with these veterans for the lead, and the victory was virtually conceded to one of the Englishmen.

*Ted Ray of England, among the world's greatest players*

*England's master golfer — Harry Vardon—in 1913*

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*Ouimet and Eddie Lowery, his tiny caddie, on their way to glory at Brookline in 1913*

PART THREE

OF OUIMET'S OWN STORY OF HIS GOLF LIFE

THERE was plenty of buzzing around the spacious Brookline clubhouse during the luncheon hour of the second day of that 1913 Brookline Open. The members and their friends were discussing my chances of doing anything for America in the triple tie with Vardon and Ray. Nobody had much hope. I remember that the betting—there was plenty of it—was five to one that one of the Englishmen would win; two to one that I would be beaten by both.

I might have had more advice than a new millionaire who advertises for suggestions, but my real friends kept the throng away, so I didn't have much chance to realize how important I should have been. I was one of the late starters, and as I came out from the locker room I observed a string of automobiles rolling in along the Boston road. The stories of the morning tie had stirred up quite a bit of interest and the excitement lovers were coming out to see what it was all about.

I went out for that last round of mine not at all nervous or worried. I have seldom been that way playing golf. The kid philosophy—that there were certain things to do and nothing else to think about—always stuck by me.

As I walked toward the first tee, Ted Ray came up the eighteenth fairway, finishing his final eighteen. I waited and found that he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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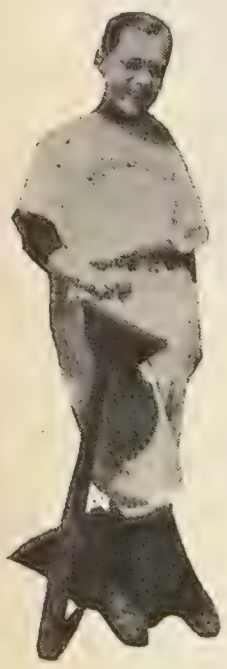

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[MY TIE WITH RAY AND VARDON Continued from Page Sixty-three]

had scored a 79. It began to rain just as I teed up my ball. Dank, whirling mists made the flags hazy red shadows in the distance. The greater part of the gallery put to the clubhouse for shelter. The rain was almost my undoing. I started wretchedly.

The fairways had been baked and they assimilated the moisture like blotting paper. The elements must have disturbed my mental poise. When I came to the fifth, Bob Watson, acting as scorer, told me that Vardon had come in with a 79, to tie with Ray. The rest of the field was out. I trapped myself on that fifth—took two to get out and hung up a six.

More trouble appeared at the eighth and another half dozen went on the card. A poor five at the ninth gave me 43 for the outward journey, a mighty bad total. I still nursed hopes, though. I had always been at my best on the way in, and a 36 would tie me with the Englishmen.

A SPECTATOR won that title for me. I never found out who he was, but he has always had my endless thanks. He was in the little lane I had to walk through from the tenth green to the eleventh tee. That tenth hole is a mashie pitch, and I was hoping for a two there. But I muffed it like the veriest duffer, and counted a horrible five. As I trudged toward the next tee, I heard somebody say:

"Aw, the kid has blown. Let's beat it back to the clubhouse."

That remark nettled me. I had never dreamed of the championship, but I had wanted to be known as a fighter. I snapped out of the jimjams, made up my mind that I would show that chap I was not a quitter.

I knew that I had to make six pars and two birdies to get my 36 and even up with the Britishers, but I plowed through the rain, swearing to myself that I would do it. I figured I could beat par on the thirteenth and the sixteenth. The first is a drive and a pitch, the other a mashie shot. I had clicked off two threes on the thirteenth and was sure I could do it again. And I did, but it wasn't my fault. The luck that comes with fighting against odds rushed to the rescue.

My drive was down the middle, but my second was wretched. It stopped twenty yards short, to the right of the green. Then I visualized the old tin buckets in the barn. I played a bold chip shot, the ball hit the pin and dropped into the cup. Had it missed, it would have rolled over the green. That was one birdie. I was ringing up pars in what must have seemed ruthless fashion, for I was boiling mad.

Came the sixteenth. Any golfer in four rounds expects to pick off a two at one of the short holes. This was my last chance. I reached the green with my mashie, but was thirty feet from the pin. I was mighty lucky to get the par three, for my approach putt, dragging on the wet green, was eight feet short. I sunk the next one, though, by hitting it smack against the back of the cup.

I HAD two holes left, both par fours and fully worth that rating. But I was as sure that I would get a three on one of them as I was that I needed an extra bit of punch on each putt because of the moisture. I cracked my second to the seventeenth green with a jigger, the ball stopping fifteen feet from the flag. I knew my opportunity had come. I hit the ball smartly, and it went into the hole like a mouse dodging a cat.

The eighteenth was merely a formal proceeding. I felt that I had had my fun and vindicated myself. After a good tee shot, I slapped a high, soaring iron through the haze dead on the pin, and as the ball disappeared in the fog and showers, I turned to Eddie Lowery, my little ten-year-old caddie, and said:

"I can win this championship with one putt."

I thought I saw my ball hit the green close to the hole, so I was surprised when I found it short of the edge, perched on the embankment guarding the race track. I should have been nervous then, but I was not. There's no explanation. I played a chip shot, six feet short, buried the putt with hardly a glance, and was tied with the British invaders. The championship had not gone to England yet.

*Ouimet blasting his way out of a trap*

There was a roar from the crowd. The members had all come out from the clubhouse to watch that last hole. I was snatched at by a hundred hands, felt as if an octopus was clutching me, was hoisted to shoulders and carried to the veranda.

My principal reaction was a deep satisfaction because I had proved

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

to one grumbling spectator that I was not a false alarm; would not blow up.

Somehow I managed to get a hot shower, change my clothes, and scurry across the road to my home without being unduly bothered. I arrived just in time for dinner and still had my appetite.

There threatened to be an invasion of visitors and newspaper men, but brother Wilfred acted as guardian at the door, and turned everybody down. I felt that he was taking matters much too seriously, but didn't care enough to make any objection. I was dead tired and wanted rest. I was in bed at 9 o'clock and slid right off to sleep.

My first conscious thought that eventful Saturday was about the weather. It had been raining when I went to bed. And it was still raining, in good old Boston fashion. The trees outside my window were dripping moisture. The fairways I could see across the street were soaked. A low fog clung to the tops of the hills around the second hole.

I had been hoping for a pleasant day. Vardon and Ray, coming from England, were accustomed to fog and storm on the seaside courses. I had played in wet and rain, of course, but I believed my game was better and more likely to be steady on a dry track, as the horsemen put it.

I had come to realize what I was up against. I had a youngster's natural respect for experience and reputation. But I also had youth's wonderful optimism. I was able to persuade myself, before I had put on my necktie, that I hadn't expected to win, that I had done far more than ever I wildly dreamed, and that I was just going out, play my game, and try not to make myself look foolish.

WHAT a sight greeted me when I stepped out to go to the club! The drives and parking spaces were packed with cars. Others were anchored along the roads as far as I could see. The lawn in front of the house was hidden completely by umbrellas—looked like a Lewis Carroll field of huge black mushrooms.

Golf, overnight, had become a popular sport. The Boston imagination had been fired by the feature writers. The game had leaped to the front pages. The word-painters recalled the spirit of '76. They fought Lexington and Bunker Hill all over again. The cartoonists had more or less characteristic British lions being twisted tailless by a gawky, spindling young man that was I.

Thousands came to Brookline through the mud and the rain to see just what golf was, anyhow. Prior to that morning, I had never seen more than a couple of thousand people at a national golf match. It was estimated that eight thousand followed our three-cornered battle, while the skies opened enthusiastically, and the photographers had a terrible time.

*Vardon at the height of a brassie swing*

Eddie Lowery, my tiny caddie, was waiting for me in the locker room. Little Eddie did much to help me win the title. When I first saw him that morning, he was in a heated argument with a close friend of mine. The latter, a very good golfer, wanted to carry my clubs. He had offered Eddie twenty dollars for the privilege, but the youngster refused. The discussion was turned on me, and I was on the point of yielding to my friend, when I saw that tears were beginning to run down the Lowery cheeks. That settled it.

"Eddie has been lucky for me," I announced with finality, "and I'll stick to him."

THE boy beamed with delight. His smile almost made a rainbow in the tears.

"Come on out and hit a few!" he shrilled. "We'll beat these fellows."

I went down to the polo field with Eddie, to swing some of the glass out of my arms and get the feel of the ball.

When I started that practice there were probably two hundred spectators on the field. By the time I wound up there were thousands.

It was a friendly crowd, almost too friendly, and, but for a nifty screen of interference provided by some former Harvard football players, my back would have been patted black and blue.

The three of us—Vardon, Ray, and I—were called to the starter's tent, back of the first tee. My luck for the day began then and never deserted me. We drew lots to see who would drive the first ball, and my name was picked out of the hat. That was just as I wanted it, for two reasons.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MY TIE WITH RAY AND VARDON]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

First, I had always made good tee shots at that hole from the first round I played there, years back. I figured that I could step up, hit the ball out, and let the enemy know at the very beginning that I wasn't going to be any joke. That was probably overconfidence, but it was the way I felt.

In the second place, I wouldn't have any mark to shoot at. Ray, as you all know, is a tremendous hitter, one of the longest drivers the game has known. Vardon was uncannily accurate; a beautiful position player. Had Ted driven one of his lengthy ones, I might have pressed a bit. Had Vardon perched in the dead center of the fairway, I might have let up in an effort to steer my ball equally well.

Swinging first, all I had to do was hit the ball, just as I had hit it a hundred times off the same tee.

I teed my ball and took a practice swing. I looked down that fairway. I might have exploded then. Who can tell? But I heard the voice of Eddie Lowery cutting through a tense stillness that one could feel:

"Keep your eye on the ball."

Forgotten the crowds and the excitement, the title and the glory. I was just myself, hitting a golf ball down the line. Eddie gave me that warning on each shot. It kept my attention focussed on the ball and the game. It prevented my thoughts from straying. It helped me to forget the water running down my back, the chill of soaked feet, and the danger of a slipping grip on a wet club. It hammered away on my mind until it became my one thought. It was Eddie's contribution to my victory, and it was some contribution.

It was natural through the play that followed that I should know the scoring and figure a bit on my own chances. But it did not seem to make very much difference. I did not care what Vardon or Ray did. I was fighting still to show that I would not blow up. I didn't give a rap about the title. But I did not want to let Eddie Lowery down, either. He told me to keep my eye on the ball, and I did. Trying to bring back the impressions of that day, thirteen years ago, I hear it again, through the blur and the fog that the years have interposed:

"Keep your eye on the ball."

When I holed a simple little ten-inch putt on the last green, the shot that gave me the title with strokes to spare, I felt my first bit of nervousness. It seemed as if a shroud had been lifted; a blankness removed that had held me enchanted for two days. I was suddenly exposed to the gratulations of five or six thousand yelling people. I grew shaky at the knees and almost collapsed in the locker room.

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*A portion of the gallery following the match between Ouimet, Ray, and Vardon.*

LET us get back to that match, however. We had agreed there in the starter's tent that an embedded ball on the greens might be lifted, a very significant and important agreement, as you will see later. The rain had soaked the putting surfaces and made them so soft that any high pitch, with back spin, was likely to bury itself.

The first hole at Brookline is a fine two-shotter, measuring something like four hundred and thirty yards. There is a race track that runs in front of the green, and the slowness of the turf that day made two mighty long shots necessary to get on. We all three hit fine tee shots, Ray being out ahead and Vardon in the rear. Harry played an iron second, short of the race course, not caring at the outset to get mixed up in the soupy, muddy track. I thought I could get home with a brassie, and hit the shot well enough. It did not quite carry the track, but hit on the far edge, jumped, and scampered safely to the tall grass just beyond and thirty yards from the green. Ray, with his longer tee shot, was in beautiful position to hammer a wood to the pin, but he pushed the shot slightly and brought up in the mounds guarding the right edge of the green.

We all scored fives, though Ray had to lay a second chip from the rough dead to do it, as he lifted his head on his first attempt. That showed me that the great had their little frailties. My final putt was a four-footer, one of those things that are often missed. They are just long enough to require a perfect hit. The star or the duffer fails on them with ridiculous ease. Both my English rivals had holed out, so I had to sink mine to make the start an even proposition.

I really think I won the match right there. I felt that I could drop that putt, and did so without any particular fuss. Had I missed, my confidence would have been shaken.

Confidence is easy to acquire in golf, and much easier to lose. Once it's gone the case is hopeless, which, when you come to think of it, is true in everything. With that first putt out of my system, I sensed that I could win if the technique of my game proved to be as good as that of the enemy. And eventualities showed that it was.

---

*The detailed and dramatic story of the play-off of the triple tie—one of the epic recitals of American golfdom—will be told by Mr. Ouimet in next week's issue of Liberty under the title, Winning the Open Championship.*

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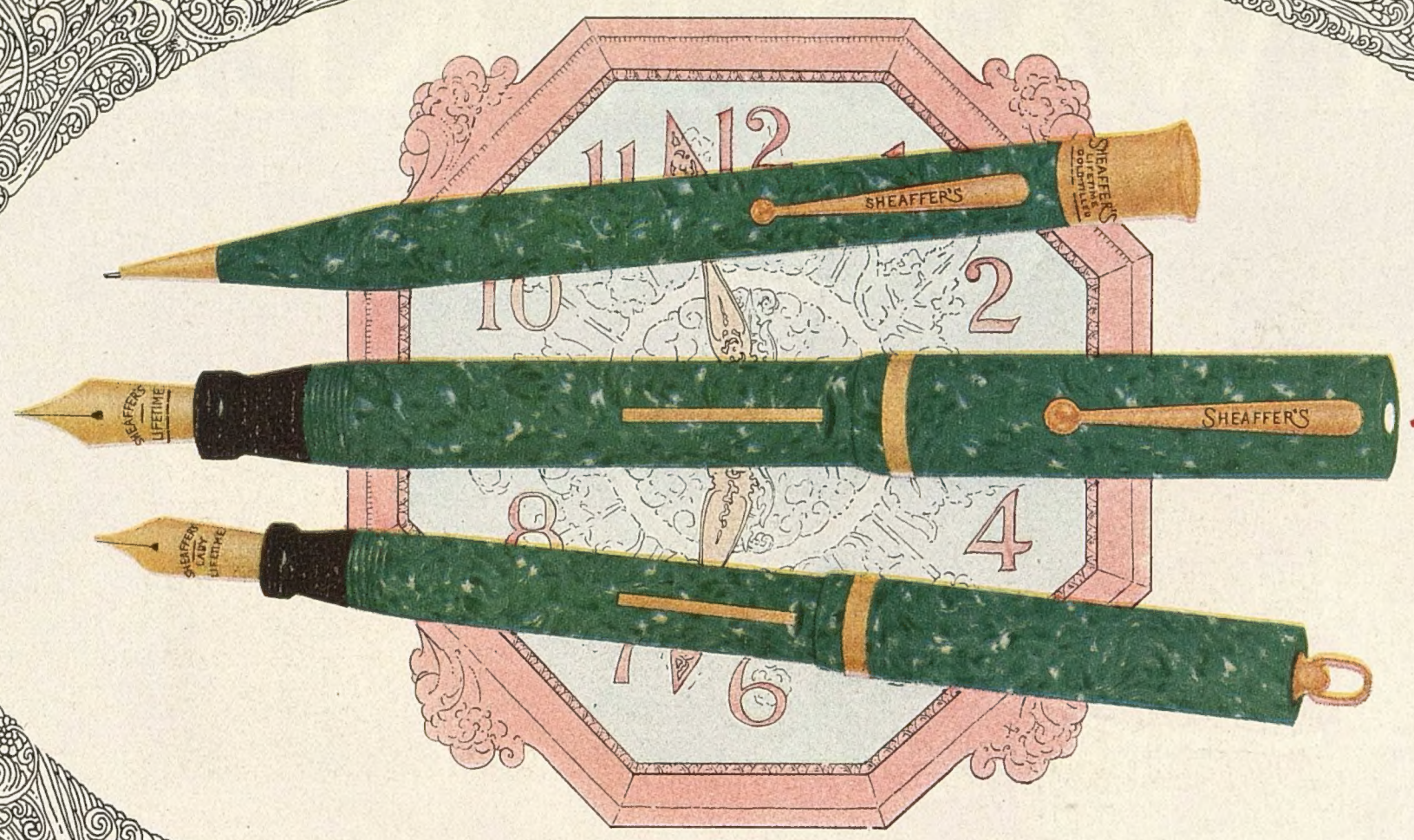
WRITE TO Radio Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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